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COUNTRY LIFE

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All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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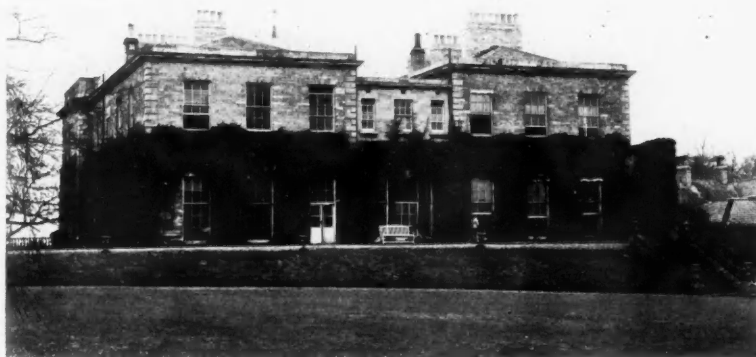
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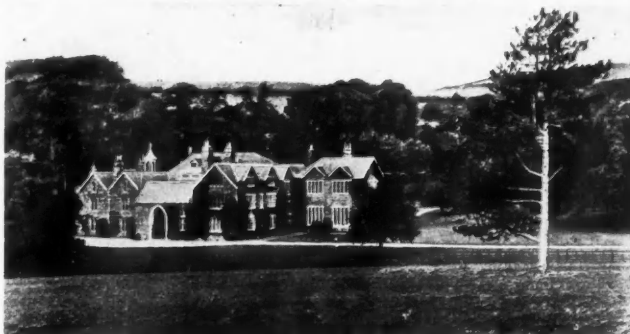
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Co.'s electric light and power. Co.'s water.
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Well-timbered Gardens and Grounds with lawns, flower beds, large kitchen garden and orchard, 8-acre meadow, in all

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Residence stands high on sandy soil with southerly aspect, and has about 10 bedrooms, usual reception rooms, etc. Modern conveniences.

Cottages. Stabling.

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OXON.—A Charming XVIIIth Century House, near old-world village. 7 bedrooms, etc. Main services, central heating. Stabling, cottage. 3 Acres. £3,250. (C597.)

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(Between): 4 miles from Bicester Kennels, convenient for Main Line Station to London.

Sheltered situation in rural country.—For Sale—AN UP-TO-DATE COUNTRY HOUSE.



Main electricity and water. Central heating.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

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Very Pleasant Gardens. Excellent Pasture.

Hard Tennis Court. Squash Court.

24 Acres

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300ft. up; sandy soil; south aspect; unspoiled views.



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Just in market for sale.

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Within easy reach of Taunton and Exeter; high up; in picturesque rural scenery, with fine views.

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Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 4 dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

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550ft. above sea level, adjacent to village, and in a very favourite district. Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity. Stabling and Garage.

SMALL GARDENS.

60 ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £6,500

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£2,750 UPSET PRICE

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FOR SALE, charming stone-built FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, 3 miles Oakham; 4 reception, 7 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, conveniently arranged domestic offices.

Main electric light and water. Garage for 3, stabling for 5; ornamental and kitchen gardens, lawns; grass field of 10 acres, 2 paddocks of about 3 acres; 3 good cottages adjoining. G. SMITH & SON, ESTATE AGENTS, OAKHAM.

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THAT ATTRACTIVE LEASEHOLD RESIDENCE known as GWYNFRYN, Newcastle-Emlyn, ideally situated in its own grounds, containing 4 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, offices, water, electric light; stable and garage. Unexpired term 57 years at £12 per annum ground rent. For Sale by Private Treaty.—Communicate with EVANS BROS., THOMAS JONES & SON, LTD., Auctioneers, Llandysul, Cardiganshire.

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Lovely Unspoiled Bucks. 16 miles West. 1½ miles Station.



HISTORICAL PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE with Period Features. 13 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception rooms. Modern conveniences. Lodge, Garages, stabling, etc. Charming grounds with stream, meadow land.

IN ALL ABOUT 32 ACRES

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Just over 1 hour's rail of Town, about 38 miles by road.



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ABOUT 7 ACRES

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EXCEPTIONALLY COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE.
Commanding glorious views, extending to the South Downs.



Well timbered drive. Fine hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 oak panelled and all with parquet floors, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 well-fitted bathrooms.

Excellent domestic offices. All modern conveniences. TWO GARAGES. STABLING. Chauffeur's Flat. Superior oak-beamed Cottage. BARN and other outbuildings. Beautiful old timbered Grounds with yew hedges, croquet lawn, hard tennis court, meadow and woodlands, in all nearly

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LOW PRICE.

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Stony Stratford, 3 miles. Wolceton, 5 miles. Northampton, 12 miles. London, 52 miles.

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(FORMERLY THE SEAT OF THE DUKES OF GRAFTON).

EXTENDING TO ABOUT 1,338 ACRES (to be offered in 22 convenient Lots)

of FARM, PARKLAND and ACCOMMODATION FIELDS, some equipped with EXCELLENT FARMHOUSES and COTTAGES. Magnificent Park Timber, mainly Oak, also THE MANSION HOUSE (55 rooms), Walled Gardens, Grounds and Lakes in a beautiful forest setting at present in the occupation of Lord Hillingdon.

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Alt. 350ft.

12 miles Southampton, a really "safe" area.

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IN A PLEASANTLY HIGH AND SHELTERED POSITION ABOUT 7 MILES FROM BATH.

3 reception rooms, 4-5 bedrooms, bathroom, level domestic offices. Electric light and partial central heating. Two staircases. Pretty garden with tennis court. Two paddocks now let. About 7 acres in all. Stone-built studio and garage. For sale at an attractive price and strongly recommended.

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2 OTHER RECEPTION ROOMS,
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Central Heating.
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Unusually beautiful Gardens and Grounds, with clipped yew trees and hedges of great age, sunk rock garden, lawns, wide herbaceous borders, hard and grass tennis courts

TO LET UNFURNISHED OR FOR SALE WITH 15 ACRES

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NORTHAMPTON (5 miles South, in country district).—Large GEORGIAN HOUSE, in good order, suitable for a School or Hospital. 3 reception rooms, 27 bedrooms, 8 bathrooms. Main electricity; ample water supply. Garage accommodation; stabling. Kitchen garden and dairy produce available.

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Station (Electric Service). Two trains every hour. About 1 mile.
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With lovely view over private park. 4 reception, 13 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Main water, gas and electricity; central heating. Garage (5) and Stabling with several rooms over. Well-timbered PLEASURE GROUNDS, level lawns and excellent hard court.

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4½ miles from Henley-on-Thames. 7 from Reading. Paddington 45 minutes. 20 miles from Oxford.

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Approached from a quiet country lane.

3 reception, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 staircases.

Main electricity and water. Central heating.
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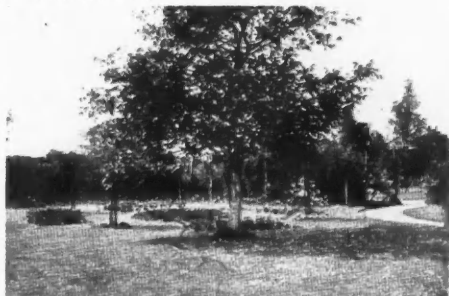
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PERFECTLY SECLUDED GARDENS

considered to be the most attractive in the district; tennis and other lawns, flower beds and herbaceous borders, rose garden, attractive sunk garden and rockery.

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IMMEDIATE SALE DESIRED.



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9 bedrooms.
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4 reception.

Electric light.
Central heating.

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LOVELY
OLD-WALLED
GARDENS.

Hard court.

1 or 2 cottages.

ABOUT

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WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED

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XVIIth CENTURY HOUSE IN SURREY

Unspoilt surroundings; centre of well-timbered park.

13 bedrooms (with
wash basins).
4 bathrooms.
4 reception, and
Billiards room.

Main services.

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GARDENS.

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3 COTTAGES.



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8 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, billiard room; period panelling in
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PERFECTLY POSITIONED AND ONLY 1½ HOURS FROM LONDON
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In unspoilt vill. within easy reach of Oxford.

3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

Company's water and electric light.

Thatched Cottage. Garage.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

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CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

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500ft. up, easily accessible to London and designed
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AN EXCELLENT MODERN HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (5 basins),
2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating.

Garage.

Delightful Gardens with Tennis Court and Orchard.

2 ACRES FREEHOLD FOR SALE

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AN EXCELLENT GEORGIAN HOUSE

in capital order and on 2 floors.

LOUNGE HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, 11
BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS.

All conveniences.

GARAGES. STABLING. 2 COTTAGES.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, WOOD AND PARK-
LAND; in all about

40 ACRES

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET FURNISHED

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ROPER'S HILL FARM, 3 miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, with brick and tile Farmhouse, ample buildings, and about
28 Acres.

SEVERAL GRASS SMALL HOLDINGS AND ACCOMMODATION ENCLOSURES OF

PASTURELAND. TWO FREEHOLD PUBLIC HOUSES.

WOODLANDS WITH VALUABLE TIMBER, NUMEROUS COTTAGES, Etc.

The whole extending to about 532 ACRES

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A CHARMING RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY

with

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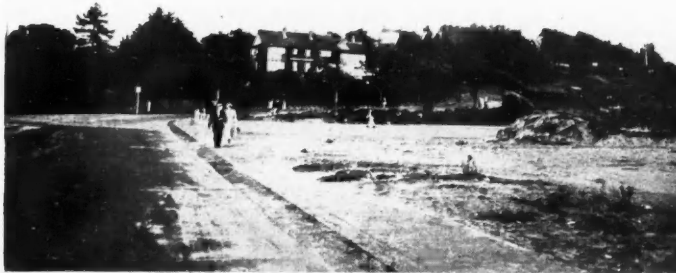
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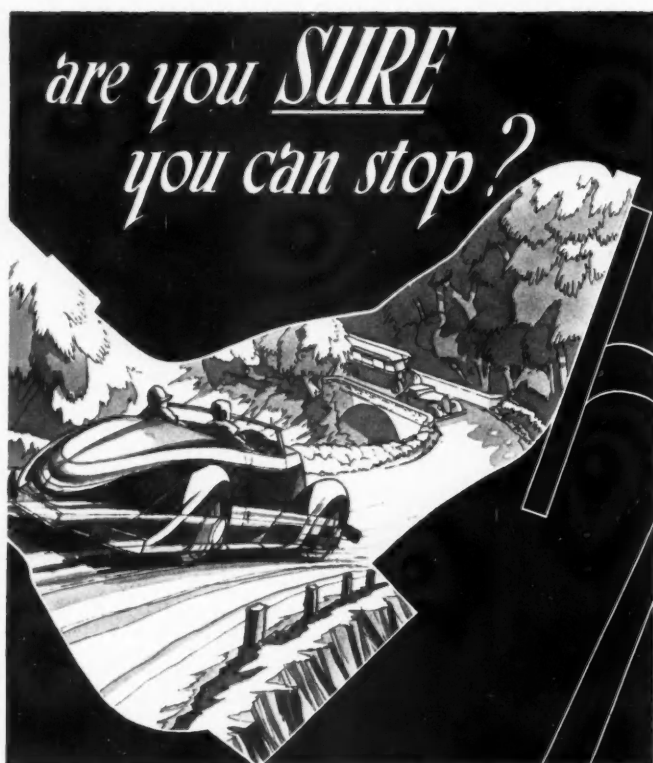
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COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY JULY 20th, 1940

(Vol. LXXXVIII. No. 2270)



Yvonne Gregory

43, Dover Street, W.1

MISS JUNE PARK

Miss Park is the only child of Mr. Bertram Park, O.B.E., and Mrs. Park, and her engagement to Second-Lieutenant David F. R. Bosanquet, only son of Major A. R. Bosanquet, M.C., and Lady Katherine Bosanquet, was announced last week.

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES : 2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams : "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON : Telephone : TEMPLE BAR 7351

Advertisements : TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 547 p. xv.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communication requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE : INLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 3d.

HEARTS OF OAK

HEARTS of Oak were, and still are, our men. Hearts of Oak were our ships : though the proportion of oak has been sadly diluted in the past century. The days when every squire who set an acorn saw in the magic distance before him a Ship of the Line, are long past ; but those of us who have the heart and pride to look back at what happened in the narrow seas encompassing Dunkirk not more than a few weeks ago will hesitate to sniff at the importance of timber even in these days of steel and duralumin. Its scarcity is a very real problem ; and the recent decisions of the Timber Controller, hard though they may press on individuals, will be accepted in good part. Timber takes long to grow, and we cannot expect, during any war, to do more than make the best of what already stands in the country and what our ships can bring us across the seas. The problems facing us were well understood before the war began, and we must be content to rely upon those in authority to make the best of every resource at their disposal. All the same, many British woodland owners may be forgiven their difficulty in suppressing a chuckle of subdued delight when they think of Dunkirk. Not long before hostilities began the Inter-departmental home-grown Timber Committee issued a special Report on timber used in ship-building and in dock and harbour maintenance. "If, even now," they said, "few if any shipyards are working to full capacity, it must not be forgotten that the increased demands for war vessels, for passenger and cargo boats and yachts carries with it an increased demand for ships' lifeboats and for dinghies. Apart from this, increasing trade at the ports involves increasing use of tugs and lighters, and the use of water transport by barges seems to be increasing steadily." Happy for us that it was so, for the heroic fleet which relieved the British and Allied armies in Flanders consisted almost entirely of vessels of these varied categories, ranging through tugs and yachts from Brighton Belles to dinghies.

We owe a great deal, in fact, to our boat-building industry, which in its turn depends on the production of innumerable oak branches of all thicknesses grown to almost every conceivable curve. This, however, is not the time to return to the old controversy as to what we should produce of hard and soft woods in the future. We are bound by what we have produced in the past. The Government's policy is, naturally enough, to restrict the use of all timber to war requirements and to civil requirements essential to maintaining the life of the community. The rise in freight rates, the depreciation of sterling and the cost of war insurance have made necessary a drastic alteration in selling prices now that the time has come for the stocks of nationally owned timber to be generally released. Europe, from whose shores in peace-time come most of our supplies, is cut off. On the other hand, supplies from Canada and Newfoundland, provided that shipping space can be found for them, are so great as to make up eventually for what we have lost. At the same time, home production goes steadily on. The total production of mining timber by the Forestry Commission and the timber trade now runs at the rate of some millions of tons a year. Sawmills are now working to their utmost capacity, and the Ministry

of Supply has powers to assume the management of any mills which are not functioning satisfactorily. In spite of this, the biggest limiting factor in the home production of timber is still the scarcity of labour ; and here there is work for many men in trades whose business has dwindled—such as building, shop-fitting, joinery, furniture and cabinet making.

AGRICULTURE AND DIET

THE agricultural situation at the present time has been compared with that which existed in 1917, when Mr. Lloyd George began his food-production campaign ; but, as Mr. Robert Hudson pointed out in the debate last week, the problems involved are not really the same. It is true that now, as then, the paramount consideration is an immediate increase of food production to ensure the maximum output for the winter and the year ahead. But whereas in 1917 Mr. Lloyd George's problem was to persuade farmers to change over from one profitable line of business to another, the task confronting the Ministry of Agriculture to-day is to reconstitute an industry that has been unprofitable for years by bringing into production thousands of acres of idle land. The new policy is being framed with special attention to the food value of the crops to be grown, and so far as the livestock industry is concerned quantity rather than quality of meat will henceforth be the criterion. Mr. Hudson doubted whether the new diet to which we may have to accustom ourselves, even when "supplemented by beer," would be very palatable at first, but it found both advocate and advertisement in Mr. Lloyd George, who claimed that he had thrived for seventy-seven years on a diet of vegetables and barley bread mixed with wheat. Mr. Lloyd George was in very good form. After welcoming the Government's belated realisation "of what the tillage of the soil has meant since the days of Eden, when Adam was turned out because he was a bad farmer," he went on to treat the House to a few lessons in cookery, and painted a delicious picture of "a hot potato on cold butter-milk," which if it did not make Members' mouths water certainly ought to have done.

GIBBS'S YEAR

IT is now thirty years since Eton beat Harrow by nine runs and the match is still freshly remembered by the name of "Fowler's Year." If last week's match had been played not at Harrow but at Lord's it would have become fully as famous and, as it is, those happy few who were there will never forget it. At one moment when Colman and Coats were thoroughly set, it seemed as if Eton might well win the match by eight wickets. Not so very long afterwards it seemed that they would not win at all. Their wickets fell like corn before the sickle—three out, all leg before, for but one run ; Henley was bowling well, the whole Harrow team were on their toes, and their supporters' yells rose to heaven. With five runs still wanted to tie, in came Gibbs, the last man, who had had such a baptism of fire against Winchester as is given to few schoolboys. It was a little hard on Harrow that at such a moment the malignant ball should go for four byes, but go it did ; there followed a hard-won single, and then Gibbs, having been missed, hit a glorious four and all was over. Since he had taken seven wickets for 43 runs, this was surely his year.

STAINED GLASS AT YORK

IN a letter to *The Manchester Guardian* a correspondent has called attention to the unprotected state of the ancient stained glass in the churches of York. Thanks to the personal influence of Fairfax, the Parliamentary general, both the Minster and the parish churches of the city were spared the destruction that was meted out elsewhere during the Civil War by such local iconoclasts as the notorious Dowsing, who "visited" East Anglia. The result is that York Minster alone among our cathedrals retains intact all the varied colour of its windows, and the city's churches very notably contribute to the rich array, which is unique in England. One trembles to think what has happened to much of the glass in northern France during the past two months, particularly to the later glass of such places as Rouen, Beauvais, Troyes and Châlons-sur-Marne. Not being fixed in iron frames like the early glass of Chartres and Canterbury, these late windows are difficult to remove to safety, but if it is not possible to take the glass out it can be boarded up. Measures have been taken for the protection of the glass at the Minster, and surely the windows in the parish churches should also be dealt with now before it is too late. The money, though possibly beyond the resources of the individual parishes, should not be difficult to raise. Here is a matter for the Central Council for the Care of Churches to take up. Otherwise it may be left to Goering to complete Cromwell's work.

THE NEW FRUGALITY

IT is good to know that in spite of war, one of the pleasant scenes of our own youth is being re-enacted in English kitchens to-day. With the additional allowance of sugar and what the householder has saved, preserving pans are bubbling everywhere, the good smell of hot jam pervades the air, and the schoolroom has "scum for tea"—unless it is raspberry jam and a grudging pat of butter dropped in at the last moment has magically cleared it all away.



HEARTS OF OAK

"Lumber girls" training for the Forestry Section of the Women's Land Army. This work includes identification of trees, stripping, measuring, checking and the lighter labours involved by the war fellings

The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries' excellent "Growmore" leaflet No. 22 very sensibly advises two boilings of jam, one for present use with only three-quarters of the usual pound of sugar to fruit. Useful methods of bottling, of pickling, which need not require sugar, and drying are given, to which might be added the simple recipe for putting down sliced French beans as they can be spared under layers of salt in a glazed crock. Further kitchen economies could be based on the realisation that as a nation we take after Jack Spratt rather than his wife. For instance, the fat of chops grilled with all that the butcher leaves on them is almost always largely left on the side of the plate: part removed and rendered down would eke out the more amenable cooking fats, and a watchful eye will find many similar chances of economising. Indeed, if the war goes on much longer, this new frugality may make us a wiser and certainly not sadder people, using the kindly fruits of the earth so intelligently that we shall have something to spare for neighbours in need—and there will be plenty of them.

THE GARDENER

We will not burn the fires to-day,
Or shut the doors and windows tight;
We will not stay within the house
To make believe that work's delight.

Straw-hatted, slow the gardener plods,
Now sowing seeds, now staking flowers;
Go, get the deck chairs, let us talk
Of Spring to this old friend of ours.

Half leaning on his gleaming spade
He views his paradise serene:
From rough-hewn words he chisels tales
Of sixty-seven springs he's seen.

So mid-day comes and still we stay,
And never think of what's undone,
Of pots and pans, of pen and ink,
All put aside for heaven's sun.

MERVYN PAYNE.

THE LONDON LIBRARY

IN the past six months the London Library has experienced three heavy losses through the deaths of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, its President, Sir Charles Hagberg Wright, the librarian, and Mr. G. E. Manwaring, the naval historian, who was a distinguished member of the staff. Mr. Fisher's successor is Lord Ilchester, and the new librarian Mr. J. C. Purnell, the assistant secretary, who has a long record of service to the Library. Their elections took place at the annual meeting last week, when Sir Arnold Wilson was also re-elected to the committee. Sir Arnold's characteristic action in volunteering as an air gunner at the age of fifty-six did not come altogether as a surprise to his friends, who understood the motive that prompted him and also knew how fit he was. Since he was reported missing at the beginning of June nothing has been heard of him, but the committee refuse to believe that his life has been lost. Lord Ilchester, in addressing the meeting, added his protest to those of the Publishers' Association at the inclusion of books among the articles that are to be subjected to the new Purchase Tax. If food is to be exempted, he asked, why not books, which are the food of the mind. If the war has had a salutary effect in diminishing the spate of ephemeral and unwanted literature, it has borne heavily both on serious writers and publishers. With the great increase in costs of paper, prices have already had to be raised, and the addition of the Purchase Tax may be sufficient not only to drive many publishers out of business but to inflict further hardships on those whose livelihood is dependent on literature and the arts.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Customs and Mendacity—Eels and Mussels

BY MAJOR C. S. JARVIS.

ONE of the complaints against the various Government departments in this country is that they will not allow the war or anything else to short-circuit the "proper channel" system and "proper channels," like those of the Dorset water meadows, travel three sides of a square before arriving at their destination. An exception to the rule is the Customs and Excise, for their officials do not appear to have been functioning at the quayside when the B.E.F. disembarked in this country from Dunkirk, as some of the men seem to have landed with rather more than the normal allowance of cigarettes permitted the ordinary returned traveller from the Continent. This was due to the fact that troops were allowed to help themselves to the various stores that lay on the dockside and were being abandoned, and in these circumstances it is remarkable the amount the ordinary private soldier can carry upon his person. Some of the men billeted in our village estimate they have sufficient cigarettes to provide them with smoker's catarrh for some three months, but the most popular man in the regiment for an all too short period was the subaltern who landed with four bottles of Napoleon brandy.

My best story in connection with Customs concerns the declaration of something I did not possess. I had managed to land at Venice with four boxes of Egyptian cigarettes, and, as I saw no reason why I should pay Italian and French Customs dues on cigarettes I was going to smoke in England, I secreted them under the pillow in my sleeper. I passed through the Domo D'Ossola and other controls successfully, if mendaciously, but on arrival at Dover I told the truth, and on being asked if I had anything to declare owned up to 400 cigarettes on which I had to pay duty. The official asked me to open the suit-case in which they were packed, and I threw back the lid with a flourish to disclose almost everything except cigarettes. I opened two more cases, but still failed to find them.

"Where are they, then?" asked the inspector, and once again I told the truth and explained that in my efforts to avoid his opposite numbers in France and Italy I had hidden them in my bed and had forgotten to repack them. The official in the long course of his service had met thousands of travellers who had failed to declare dutiable articles they were carrying in their luggage, and he knew how to deal with them, but this was the first time he had ever met a man who declared something he did not possess. It was obvious I was a most sinister character engaged in the worst form of smuggling in a big way, and I was taken off to higher authority, where all my suitcases, their contents and lining were subjected to the most thorough scrutiny by expert searchers, and I arrived ultimately at Victoria some three hours late, wondering if veracity was not a much overrated quality.

* * *

AN article that should serve a useful purpose is that which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of June 22nd, calling attention to the various fish of our coasts and inland waters which the very conservative British housewife will not look at in any circumstances. One of these is the eel, which some eighty per cent. of our population regard with aversion and horror, and which is looked upon by some people as being a very "vulgar" fish that figures in jelly at the ringside of some of our East End boxing booths. The point about this distaste for the fish is that it is almost entirely due to imagination, and the diner, when faced with a dish of eels, at once envisages slimy and writhing black shapes so vividly that the preliminary stages of cross-Channel nausea are experienced before a mouthful is eaten. If the eel is served so that it appears to be something else, nine people out of ten will consume it with avidity, comment upon its delicacy, and wonder if it is a particularly flavoursome type of sole. In Egypt my Berberine cook used to disguise the shape of eels so successfully that I took a delight in having them served to unsuspecting guests, who had previously announced a loathing of the fish. The ruse worked in every case, though I must admit that some of my friends reacted unfavourably when the nature of the dish was disclosed, for a leg-pull where the stomach is concerned is not regarded as being in the best possible taste.

In many parts of Scotland and Ireland and also on some rivers in England there are eel-fisheries that are let for thousands of pounds annually, and the complete catch every night was in normal times shipped the following morning direct to Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Unless the population of this country can overcome its ingrained aversion to the eel, some hundreds of tons of valuable and nutritious foodstuff that can be caught with the greatest ease will be allowed this autumn to swim its way back to the depths of the Atlantic.

The article dealt also with shellfish of all varieties, from the cockle to the crayfish, and the commonest and most plentiful of these is the mussel, which covers the rocks and wooden groynes along our coasts in dense black clusters. I suppose one needs some slight assistance from Mme. Prunier to make a really successful dish of these, but their introduction to a sauce is a very simple matter indeed, and a generous helping of mussel sauce makes the consumption of plain boiled cod or even dog-fish a most pleasant task.

HARVEST HOMES

THE BARNs AT CRESSING TEMPLE, AN HISTORIC ESSEX FARM

AMONG the buildings that have served our land best and longest—in years of peril and of peace—the humble barn is too often overlooked. Castles of the defenders or oppressors, cathedrals and churches for worship, stately mansions and homely manor houses of men who had deserved or done well from their country—these are piously and rightly preserved. Yet, as we have learnt again, they all rested on the stored produce of the land, and it was the barns of England that buttressed, from behind the sailors of 1588 and 1805, the armies of Marlborough and Wellington. To-day they are still playing a no less vital part, although it is now shared by their modern counterpart, the gaunt grain-elevators of the Middle West.

As architecture, the barn and the grain-elevator have this much in common: each is an industrial structure, its form evolved, to perform its function with the utmost efficiency, from the appropriate materials of its age. As such each is therefore highly representative of contemporary engineering science: the elevator in the principle of monolithic concrete structure, the barn in the principle of post and beam supporting the maximum span of roof. These, briefly, are the principles of modern and traditional architecture respectively, and in the case of the barn the principle is of immemorial antiquity. From it evolved, according as to whether high timber or stone was available, the Egyptian and Greek temple, the Roman basilica, the Nordic hall-house, and the Gothic cathedral. The barn, improved and enlarged by experience, yet represents the original type-form of pre-modern architecture. Indeed, some authorities maintain that it preserves the actual form of the

Nordic dwelling-house, in which the farmer had his hearth and home at one end of a single structure whose roof sheltered also his crops at the other, his cattle in the aisles, and the threshing-floor in the transept or midstrey. Sure enough, the average width of a bay is a rod (nominally 16½ ft.), which is the desirable width for the standing of a full yoke of four oxen, on whose performance at plough the old measures of land, and thence of wealth, and thence of size of a house, were based.

Esthetically a barn is always satisfying, because its shape, dictated by purpose and construction, is simplified to the utmost and built of the local materials that weather with the seasons and fields about it. Its chief member is a great ridge roof, the most evocative of all our architectural elements, symbolic of home, shelter, peace. Within, the traditional engineering of the wright—which his brother the mason took on from him and immensely elaborated—is better seen than in any other kind of building, exercised in the twin problem of supporting the roof-tree, or ridge, over the maximum span and with the minimum of waste in material and space.

The barns here illustrated stand a mile or more away from the Essex village of Cressing. They are grand specimens of the wright's craft, and are as firm and sound as when first made some five centuries ago.

Cressing Temple was the earliest English possession of the Knights Templar, and was granted to that Order by Queen Maud in 1135, who gave them the manor and advowson of the parish church. Here the Knights built a preceptory and chapel which afterwards belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. The Cressing preceptory was finally dissolved in 1540, and nothing remains of it except extensive foundations, a portion of the moat, and two immense barns.

The wheat barn is the larger of the two, and was built about the year 1530. The roof has common rafters, principals with crossed reinforcing principals (these are probably later additions and act as wind-braces), braced collars, double purlins on either side, and braced tie-beams. These tie-beams take a bearing on the lower line of purlins, the latter being supported upon the two lines of uprights or posts, to which they are strutted.

The posts are cross-tied to the wall-plates and diagonally strutted to the bottom plates; the feet of the posts rest on massive cross-timbers running back to the plinth walling, the whole forming a noble piece of timber construction. This barn has five bays with two half-bays and a porch. It is 140 ft. long by 40 ft. wide, and the roof rises to a height of 40 ft. The side walls are filled with brick-nogging.

The barley barn is the smaller and earlier of the two, as is shown by curved braces and king-post trusses. The date is probably about 1480. Its construction is very much on the lines of that of the wheat barn, except that there are two lines of tie-beams with cross-strutting. Though now for the most part weather-boarded, it was originally half-timbered, the spaces between the studs being filled in with wattle daub, as slots are cut on the inner side

THE WHEAT BARN,
SHOWING THE THRESHING-
FLOOR OR MIDSTREY





(Above) ACROSS THE MOAT
The Barley Barn (left) and the
Wheat Barn

(Right) THE BARLEY BARN
A complex structure with king-
posts and curved braces

to hold the cross-pieces. The massive posts are complete butts of oak trees, roughly squared with the adze. Some are 17ins. square at the base, others 18ins. by 14ins.

In the days when the corn was reaped by a sickle and only the ears of the cornstalk were housed, a horse was used to walk up and down on top of the corn in the barn to compress it. As wagon after wagon deposited its load the horse gradually mounted towards the roof. At the end of the harvest the horse was lowered by a rope.

In the centre of the barns is the midstrey, used originally as a threshing-floor. Here the men worked throughout the winter, flailing out the grain as it was required. At harvest time it was customary for the head man to lay his flail in one of the barns close to a doorway, this signifying that he had selected the best position in the barn. He worked in that place during the months to come.

An ancient privilege, handed down from the Knights Templars, is exemption from tithe "as well great and small" (wording from old Cressing deeds). This is still enjoyed by the present owner (Mr. F. J. Cullen) so long as he farms the lands himself; but if he lets them to another, tithes must be paid.

It is not an overstatement to say that at Cressing Temple we have one of the finest ranges of farm buildings in the country of that period, thanks to Mr. Cullen's care in preserving the traditions of the past.

*Photographs by
John Tarlton.*



THE MARALAL ELEPHANTS



OLD BOBBIN WITH HIS WEEK-END PARTY

THERE are elephants and elephants. I have seen all sorts and sizes of them during my life in Africa. I have petted charming baby orphans and tame animals from the Congo. I have run for my life, on more than one occasion, from an infuriated mother protecting her offspring, and, as I am now almost ashamed to say, I have shot many. I know that awful look in the eyes of a dying elephant—soul-searing, half human, surprised, haunting—which has imprinted itself on my mind so much that I often see it and it will be with me till my own dying day.

There are herds that charge on sight; there are others that miraculously and instantaneously vanish in the scantiest bush, but the Maralal elephants live in and around the station and hardly ever leave it. There may be anything from one to fifteen of them and, if there is only one, it is "Old Bobbin." He and his two friends are amazing; nothing perturbs them, nothing daunts them; they browse or sleep where they will. They do not mind the sound or scent of human beings, whatever their colour, the hooting of cars, the clapping of hands or the beating of tins.

When I first met "The Three" they had a passion for the wild spinach that grew on the site of an old cattle-kraal near the Police lines, and every afternoon they came out of the forest near the office, strolled by the football ground, where often a game was in progress, and on to their spinach garden. A dog might bark at them, a child rattle a tin, but they just fanned their ears backwards and forwards or raised their trunks and considered for a moment and then continued their meal. The water-cart might go rattling by and herds of cattle be driven past them, but the spinach was much more important and they went on eating it.

The Three are all bulls, and Old Bobbin is their leader. He has lost the tuft of hair from the end of his tail, he has a sore on his off hind leg, he has presentable but not quite even tusks of sixty or seventy pounds weight, and he is enormous. Number Two is large and has quite nice ivory, but he is a head smaller than Old Bobbin, and Number Three, though big, is half a head smaller than Two. Old Bobbin has a lovely benign expression; I have never seen him cross, though I must admit I have twice heard his voice raised in anger, but, after all, on each of these occasions he was thwarted when he wanted to go and eat nice juicy beans. He

is full of *savoir faire* and knows his world. If one goes what he considers is too near to him, he looks up, spreads out his ears, raises his trunk and snorts just as domestic cattle will do if one approaches too near for their liking.

I have shown The Three to most of my friends; they have been a little unbelieving before meeting them, but, later, entranced at their own experiences with them. I have been accused of having tame elephants; of herding them—that with some reason, for often some native has arrived to say The Three are doing this or that and So-and-so is herding them. And on going to see them, we have found them actually being herded.

One year I had witnesses, several of them, to Old Bobbin's best effort. The Three went off in April to the lowlands and did not return till the murichu berries were ripening in June. They were all together for some time, and then the two lads went off on their own and Old Bobbin was usually by himself; but he had friends, even ladies, at times. He never went very far afield, and developed very bad habits—a taste for ripe maize and green beans. It was a perverted taste, for such things had only recently been introduced to Samburu, but nothing, really nothing short of death, would stop him.

This is what took place.

The District Officer usually lived at Maralal, while I resided at headquarters, eighty miles away. At Maralal a number of maize and vegetable gardens had been started by the African staff; there was also a prison garden some fifty yards wide by five hundred yards long. Nearly all the cultivation was surrounded by a high barbed wire fence to keep out the elephants, zebra and lesser game, while the staff huts were built round it at twenty-yard intervals.

All went well till Bobbin developed his perverted taste, then letters passed between my District Officer and me:

D.O. to D.C.:
Please permit me to do something about the elephants; they are destroying the crops.

D.C. to D.O.:
Rubbish, the fence will keep them out.

D.O. to D.C.:
Fence will not keep them out. May I dig a trench four feet deep and six feet wide?

D.C. to D.O.:
No, certainly not; it is a waste of labour. Strengthen barbed wire, light fires between huts and hang tins on wire.

I thought that would do the trick, but I only got back the following:



THE SMALLEST OF THE THREE FRIENDS

D.O. to D.C.: Please send one hundred tins, have used all here, fires and wire have no effect on elephants. Leaving for safari tomorrow.

My D.O. won. I went to Maralal a day or two later. My Provincial Commissioner and his niece and the Police Officer were with me. I would stop this elephant nonsense. When we arrived, the Sergeant of the Police saluted me and said:

"Everything is all right, Effendi, but that old elephant Kitimu [Old Bobbin's native name] is cleverer than I am, for I cannot keep him out of the gardens."

"Oh, rubbish," said I; "I will deal with him."

Then I met the station headman and he said:

"Everything is all right, Effendi, but that old Kitimu has eaten all the crops. He walks through the barbed wire backwards so that he can keep an eye on us while he goes through. When the empty tins rattle on the wire, he pulls them off and tramples them flat. He is like an Englishman, nothing stops him!"

"Make more and larger fires," I retorted.

"But that is useless," he replied, "for he only warms himself at them."

I admire Old Bobbin immensely, but I was getting a little bit peeved with him that day. I gave instructions that I was to be told when he arrived at the gardens (he often came, they said, at five o'clock in the evening).

It was hardly dark when we were informed that Old Bobbin and a friend were in the gardens. I had a Police Officer with me, and it was obviously up to him to help. What were the good of Police if they could not frighten elephants out of a maizefield? My P.C., too, he'd better help. A full-blown P.C. ought to be able to do something about a recalcitrant elephant. It ought not to be half so hard to get a move on an elephant as on a stubborn D.C.; the niece could watch.

So down we went, in two cars. We got three or four police rifles and the bugler with his bugle. We ordered the rest of the police to come with their whistles, and we proceeded to the maizefield, followed by any of the local populace that wasn't already there, waiting to see the fun. The gardens are in a valley between steep wooded hills. It was just dark; the fires all round the fields were lit, and the smoke rose up just bluely visible in the darkening night. There were little fires at the doors of the huts. The effect was eerie.



"No. 2 HAS QUITE NICE IVORY"

We came to the edge of the field and could see the dim forms of the two elephants and hear them scrunching the beans and breaking the corn. We each took a rifle and loaded it. When I gave the word, we would fire into the opposite hill, the bugler would blow the charge, the Police their whistles, and everyone else shout, shriek, and beat tins. And all were to be prepared to take cover.

Ready—Fire!

Lord, the unearthly noise! It was hell let loose as it echoed round the hills and died away.

There was stillness, deathly stillness—but for the scrunch, scrunch of two elephants quietly eating maize and beans.

The deuce! There was a snigger near me.

"They don't think very much of you," my P.C. remarked.

We decided to give them another volley. And we did; and yet another. The bugler blew Reveille, Retreat, Officers' Mess, and the Last Post, and the dear old pachyderms thoroughly enjoyed it and evidently liked an orchestra at dinner, for they went on eating quietly. We threw burning brands at them, while the station carpenter shone his torch so that we could see where to throw. There was no pause, the fires crackled, the smoke curled up into the night, and the elephants chewed on contentedly!

A native policeman remarked: "Those elephants are almost Europeans." There was a sting in those words. Reluctantly I said: "Old Bobbin has won; the garden is his." There was a cheer and laughter, and we all went off, ourselves to dinner.

The next day, the trench, "four feet wide and six feet deep," was commenced. My D.O. had won again.

The next time I visited Maralal I was informed that Kitimu had gone away in a huff. Apparently he had had a chapter of accidents a night or two previously. He had come down the hill from near the house and stepped into the very deep drain which crosses under the road. He had found it difficult to get out, and had voiced his anger; he had then fallen into another deep drain near the Office, and got much more angry. He had pulled out the guiding posts, trumpeted shrilly at the guard, and gone on to the trenched garden, determined to get beans. Then he fell into the trench, where he spent the night digging himself out with his tusks, and then went off in high dudgeon towards the south, where he spent three months.

One morning, after that, the Police Sergeant reported, with a broad smile, that Kitimu was back and had spent the night in the Prison garden, eating beans!

H. B. SHARPE.



OLD BOBBIN ON THE WAY TO A BEAN FEAST

PLEASURES OF THE MIND

A REVIEW BY A. L. ROWSE

PLEASURES AND SPECULATIONS, by Walter de la Mare. (Faber and Faber, 15s.)

"IN country houses," William Cory wrote of the early years of the nineteenth century, "the pleasure of reading was the only pleasure that could compete with field sports." Though that perhaps is hardly exhaustive—it says nothing of such pleasures as love-making and gossip—it helps to explain, what readers of Lord David Cecil's "The Young Melbourne" will remember, how well read the circle at Brockton was in Shakespeare. True, the Lambs were particularly intelligent, but there was, too, the widespread public of Scott, Byron, Miss Austen, and the novelists of the time. It may be that present circumstances, with the constriction of our activities in other directions, may serve to revivify the art of reading, with the consolations and resources that has to offer us.

In that adventure, what better guide could there be than Mr. de la Mare? The key to his success and persuasiveness is that he never forgets that a book, however old and musty, is a living thing and puts one into touch with another mind, other creatures. In that is a sovereign antidote to loneliness and a resource when one is on one's own. He recalls Thomas Hardy saying to him of a young woman in a novel: "She is so real you could touch her with your hand"; and he adds, "In all books, of course, we are in close communion with their writers." I like that "of course"; in fact, it is a consideration we are apt to forget, a source of enjoyment overlooked. It is this quality which, seen at its best in the essay on Tennyson, enables Mr. de la Mare to look through the clarity of the poetry to the elusiveness of the personality behind. What an extraordinary man Tennyson was really; what a contrast between the magnificent, great, masculine, shaggy creature and the poetry so delicate, so sensitive, so still. A poet himself, Mr. de la Mare pierces to the root of the matter when he notices Tennyson's curious avoidance of life. Why? Had something of him died with Arthur Hallam? One wonders. Or perhaps the Victorian age killed something in him? Mr. de la Mare notes that his men and women are mainly pictorial: in that like something in the age itself, like its descriptive painting and music, as if its living, creative energy were elsewhere. It was.

Hans Andersen is a subject made for Mr. de la Mare, and there is a wonderful little study of him. Not much less good is his account of "Some Women Novelists of the 'Seventies,'" with its odd and interesting information. It seems that when Charlotte Yonge announced to her parents that she was about to publish a novel, a family council was called, which only gave its sanction to so daring a "departure from the lady-like" on condition that Charlotte should not make any financial profit out of it. The result was that most of her ill-gotten gains went into missionary work in Melanesia. Then, too, the book is enriched with observations of nature, from the lips of children, and out of his own experience such as one would expect from so exquisite a poet. There is the little girl of nine who began a scrap of dictation for her sister of six with the sentence: "The snow made the downy hills look like a swan's wings, for it was Christmas time." Or there is de la Mare himself, sitting with a friend before a Cornish cliff "powdered with grey-blue of vernal squalls, and having happened to glance landward, we saw one after another the white blinds being drawn over the windows of a large grey neighbouring farmhouse." It is of such experiences that poetry is made; and here is a critic and essayist of whom one can never forget that he is first and foremost a poet.

LIFE-BLOOD OF PROGRESS

From the price of Mr. Ramsey Muir's *CIVILIZATION AND LIBERTY* (Cape, 2s. 6d.), the potential reader may infer that it is no more than a pamphlet; but this is not so. A grant from the Association for Education in Citizenship has made it possible to produce a full-sized book at what cannot be more than one-third of the commercial price. So Mr. Muir has nearly three hundred pages in which, calmly and clearly, to trace the course of Western civilisation, and to show how liberty has always been the one thing vital to it: a preliminary without which no progress can occur, an atmosphere that, withdrawn, causes any civilisation to wither and die. Mr. Muir comes right down to our present moment of Totalitarianism *versus* Democracy. What he has to say about dictatorship, not only individual dictators but the deadly poison of dictatorship itself, is unanswerable; and his final chapter is an inspiration for to-day. "The war against this evil thing is indeed a Holy War, in which any man might be proud to give his life. For life is not (as some Pacifists seem to think) the most precious of possessions: justice, honour and truth are more precious."

A "KITCHEN-WORLD ENCHANTED"

Poltergeist is a "kitchen-world enchanted" where chairs spin and fires break out, bells ring and the dish runs away with the spoon. There is not, as the publishers assert, a shudder on every page, for these strange, humorous beasties are too puckish to be horrible. An aunt of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's has left an account of a *Poltergeist*, and her story can be said to have started the master of Baroque to follow this unusual trail in *POLTERGEISTS* (Faber and Faber, 15s.). He admits in his introduction that he can find no scientific explanation for a *Poltergeist*, although in other places he argues the case for the existence of disembodied spirits with conviction. A *Poltergeist* is a mischievous and often comic spirit, who causes in one case a turnip to drop from the ceiling when the haunted and terrified family are at

dinner; they seldom cause bodily harm, and stones hurtled through the air fall light as a feather, many with a curved trajectory, and when they hit the ground never roll; sometimes they are hot to the touch. The setting is usually a lonely farmhouse with evil associations which engender the macabre atmosphere favourable to a *Poltergeist*. The Wesley family suffered unduly at Epworth Rectory from these spirits, and this is described in the best episode of the book, which consists of letters from Samuel Wesley to his mother and father, and his sisters. Young girls or boys at the awakening age of thirteen or fourteen are almost the invariable agencies through whom the spirit manifests itself, with an occasional choice of a village idiot who is able to alarm the *cure* and drive to distraction his two students, both of the appropriate age. The book is divided into three parts; a long introduction, followed by an examination, and finally the cases themselves transcribed from the original sources as in the Epworth instance, where the Wesley letters have been drawn upon. The introduction is on the long side, and there are too many repetitions of similar phenomena, although the author confesses he has tried to avoid this. It is a thankless task trying to disentangle truth from legend in the various witch trials and seventeenth-century stories of probable *Poltergeist* activities; but they are not all so remote, and one ghost was suspected in Suffolk as recently as 1930. They, appear in such diverse parts of the world as Java, Iceland and Lancashire, but always their work is of the same character—harmless, but well able to drive the most solid and unimaginative people mad in a short time unless they are able to rise above their suspiciously trivial hauntings and regard the ghost with a feeling not unlike affection. In his examination Mr. Sitwell is unable to provide any satisfactory explanation that will fit all the circumstances. The classic case of the Drummer of Tedworth he demolishes systematically. Various he describes *Poltergeist* activities as entertainment, hysteria, auditory and visual hallucination, ventriloquism, and mesmerism; also he allows, as has been already commented upon, the possibility of disembodied spirits. Miss Edith Sitwell has written a characteristic poem, which very satisfactorily conveys the atmosphere of the Drummer of Tedworth's haunting; and the illustrations, several of which are by Cruickshank, are as good in their spheres as Mr. Sitwell in his. They make this an interesting and entertaining book.

COUNTRY YEAR

Many people have chosen the months of a country year for subject; the measure of their success with it is always the degree of attractiveness in their own characters. From this test Miss Marjorie Hessel Tiltman emerges in triumph. Her *COTTAGE PIE* (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 6d.) is an account of a year in her West Sussex cottage; it has kindness and gaiety in it, garden lore and cookery recipes, character sketches and good stories. In addition, Mum, Dad and Lucy Johnson, who minister to the author in house and garden, contribute a delightful accompaniment of sturdy country sense and dry country humour. Much may be learnt from this book by townfolk, particularly by those who keep a week-end foot in the country. And all who love country life and value the simple virtues and pleasures may enjoy it.

WEATHER AND THE CHILD

Formidable questions are posed by the alert modern child, and many an adult will be thankful for the help in answering some of the more scientific ones that is provided by Miss Dorothy Fisk in *THE SUN, THE SKY AND KIT* (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.), while older children of a scientific turn will revel in reading the book for themselves and studying its illustrations and diagrams. Every kind of weather is the author's subject, with its how, why and when. Incidentally, however, after last winter and Finland, it is a pity that Miss Fisk did not revise in proof one sentence. Referring to Napoleon's 1816 campaign in Russia, she says: "With poor food and poor clothing people actually did freeze to death in those days." Those days! Another sentence, however, is as unconsciously appropriate and helpful to all of us at this actual moment as the other is incongruous. "When you find yourself among . . . people behaving at their worst, or when you yourself haven't been behaving quite as well as you would have liked, then you will feel better if you look up at the sky. . . . Remember this when bad moments come to you later on; it is like a signpost, showing you the way through life."

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE YOUNG READER

Whatever we learn to do without, it is not likely that the demand for children's books will cease. Children evacuated, or travelling across the seas, children in air-raid shelters, children sick or in hospital, all want books for all childish ages. Dear as many old favourites are, this is a class of reader who often literally wears a book out, so we shall need new editions, and sometimes only something quite new will charm his attention. Miss Enid Blyton has just published three excellent books, all delightful and all likely to appeal to many tastes. One is a lovely fat volume with lots of pictures in it called *BOYS AND GIRLS' STORY BOOK* (3s. 6d.), full of poems and puzzles and quantities of stories, suited to persons between the ages of four and ten and including a lovely sheet of coloured pictures which you can cut out and make into a farm. The second book is *THE BOYS AND GIRLS' CIRCUS BOOK* (3s. 6d.) and is a jolly story, fully illustrated, of how Susy-Ann and Pip travelled with a circus and became part of it. It is a most interesting, happy, well told tale and very well illustrated. The third book, *BIRDS OF OUR GARDENS* (5s.), though it too is a story book, has the more serious aim of teaching children how to recognise our wild birds, their nests and songs. It is nicely done and most interesting. All three are published by Messrs. George Newnes.

BOOKS EXPECTED

Books to be expected to appear this week are from Messrs. Macmillan—*THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN BENGAL*, by Professor J. P. Niyogi, who is the Minto Professor of Economics at the University of Calcutta, and *THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM*, by Professor Frederick C. Grant. From Messrs. Heinemann come Miss Romilly Cavan's new novel, *BENEATH THE BURNING MOONS*, and an "underworld" story, *HIGH SIERRA*, by Mr. W. R. Burnett. A *MANUAL OF BIBLE HISTORY* by Mr. W. Blaikie comes from Messrs. Nelson and *MASKS AND FACES* by Miss Phyllis Bottome from Messrs. Faber and Faber.

(Further reviews will be found on page xx.)



Copyright

A SHEPHERD WITH HIS FLOCK AT A DEWPOND ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

F. Shuter

HOLT CASTLE—I WORCESTERSHIRE

THE SEAT OF
MRS. F. PEPYS COCKERELL

Once the seat of a branch of the Beauchamp family, Holt Castle preserves a fourteenth-century tower probably built by Sir John Beauchamp of Holt, Richard II's favourite.

1.—THE BEAUCHAMP TOMB IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

A PRATY pile a 3 myle by northe owt of Worcestar on Severne *ripa dextra*—such is Leland's brief note of Holt Castle; and a pretty pile it still is, four hundred years later, standing among its trim gardens, lawns and orchards on its little cliff above the river. The Severn at this stage in its long career is sunk deep below the general level of the countryside. The channel in which it normally flows is cut in a much broader trough, scooped out of the soft red sandstone, with steep scarps to its sides, and over the meadows between these higher banks it regularly spills its waters when in spate. Approached by road from Worcester, Holt is just a manorial group of buildings lost in a level country of woodland, field and orchard, but from the bank of the river the Castle stands up boldly as a landmark on the cliff, its battlemented tower silhouetted against the sky. Just across the Severn is the park of Ombersley, Lord Sandys' seat; farther off, and in the opposite direction, north-westward, lies Witley Court (or what remains of it after the fire and sale); and behind Witley, closing the view from Holt, rise the Abberley Hills. Holt itself consists of little more than castle, church and farm; the chief clusters of habitations are at Holt Heath, to the north-west, and Holt Fleet, higher up the river. The name of the place,

meaning "wood," recalls the fact that eight hundred years ago the region north of Worcester on both banks of the Severn formed the forest of Ombersley; Domesday Book mentions a wood at Holt, half a league square, and in it a "hay," or enclosure into which wild animals of the forest were driven for capture. To-day the surroundings are still well clothed with timber (Fig. 5), and there is a relic of the old forest in a veteran oak standing in a meadow by the river and known as the "Boarstag" or "Boar-sty" oak from a tradition that a wild boar and a stag fought to the death under its branches.

At the time of the Domesday Survey Holt formed part of the possessions of Urse D'Abitot, the powerful Sheriff of Worcester, who held it as sub-tenant of the Bishop. Urse had scant respect for the rights of the Church. In building his castle at Worcester he had part of its foss dug in the monks' cemetery—an encroachment that evoked the famous denunciation of Ealdred, the Archbishop of York:

Highest thou Urse;
Have thou God's curse.

Urse's surname is still commemorated in the Worcestershire villages of Croome d'Abitot and Redmarley d'Abitot, but the families after which they are named were not legitimate



Copyright

2.—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CASTLE, SHOWING THE SEVERN IN THE BACKGROUND

"Country Life"



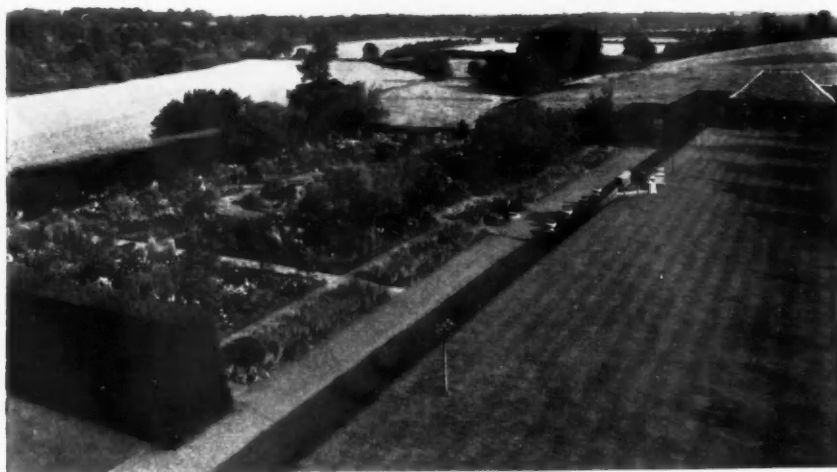
3.—THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY TOWER, FROM THE COURTYARD



pyright

4.—FROM THE FORMAL GARDEN, LOOKING NORTH-WEST

"Country Life"



5.—THE VIEW DOWN THE SEVERN, FROM THE ROOF OF THE CASTLE
Looking south-east over the garden, where Richard II rode at tilt



6.—FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CRENELLATIONS. THE TOWER RISING
BEHIND THE COURTYARD WALL



Copyright 7.—CHURCH AND CASTLE FROM THE GARDENS "Country Life"

descendants of the Sheriff, on whom the Archbishop's curse was fulfilled when Henry I took vengeance on his son. His vast possessions passed to his son-in-law, Walter de Beauchamp, who thus became founder of the great territorial house so famous in mediæval history, whose descendants were to become Earls of Warwick. Worcestershire, however, and not Warwickshire was at first the Beauchamps' county and Elmley Castle the head of their fief. Later, at Powick and Holt, junior branches acquired prominence and both had baronies conferred on them. Holt for over three hundred years remained in the Beauchamps' possession, and to their period of ownership belong both castle and church.

Although the Castle shows no work of an earlier date than the fourteenth century, the church goes back two hundred years earlier, its fine Norman work probably dating from Henry II's time. The chancel arch and the north and south doorways are boldly carved with chevron ornament and have sculptured capitals (Figs. 8 and 9), some consisting of interlacing scrolls, others of grinning heads, and one (on the north doorway) apparently illustrating the fable of the fox and the stork. There is also a massive Norman font with a circular bowl on which are carved a series of monsters' heads with gaping mouths tied together. To this aisleless Norman church there were added in the fourteenth century a south chapel and in the fifteenth a western tower. The chapel has windows of similar character to those in the tower of the Castle and was evidently built about the same time, doubtless as the chantry chapel of the Beauchamps. It contains some mediæval glazed tiles, fragments of old glass, memorials to the Bromleys (the later owners of Holt) and an early fifteenth-century effigy of a lady said to have been a daughter of John, second and last Lord Beauchamp of Kidderminster. High up on the wall there hang a helmet and tabard with the arms of the Bromleys.

The Beauchamps of Holt were descended from John Beauchamp, a younger son of the William Beauchamp who, by marrying Isabel, sister and heir of William Maudit, acquired the earldom and castle of Warwick for his descendants. It was in the middle of the thirteenth century that this John Beauchamp was given Holt by his father. He was succeeded by his son, Richard, who died in 1327, leaving as heir an eight year old boy. This John—the second—was in the sea fight at Sluys in 1340, fought at Crécy and Poitiers, and was one of the knights of the shire in the Parliament of 1352. It has been generally assumed that he was the same individual as the Sir John Beauchamp, Richard II's Steward of the Household, who was knighted in 1385, made Justice of North Wales, and in October, 1387, created Lord de Beauchamp, Baron of Kidderminster; but the author of the account of Holt in the Victoria County History advances good reasons for the belief that the Baron was really the son of the man who fought in the French wars and that his father's death took place between 1361 and 1367. The barony is interesting as being the first on record to have been conferred by patent. Its holder, however, did not live long to enjoy it, for in the following

March he was one of those impeached for treason by the "Wonderful" Parliament and was soon afterwards beheaded on Tower Hill. His body was taken to Worcester and buried in the cathedral. There an altar tomb that stands between two pillars on the north side of the nave (Fig. 1) is usually accepted as his, though it may be that of his kinsman and contemporary, Sir John Beauchamp of Powick, and his wife. Tombs to both these Beauchamps are mentioned by Leland, in whose time they probably bore inscriptions. The coat with six martlets is that of Beauchamp of Powick, but these shields were repainted, perhaps inaccurately, early in the eighteenth century. Although his estates had been confiscated, the manor of Holt was restored to Lord Kidderminster's son, who for a brief period at the end of Richard II's reign also regained his father's title. But the remainder being reaffirmed under Henry IV, it was as plain John Beauchamp that the second baron died in 1420. He left a son, and Holt passed to his daughter, Margaret, on whose death it was divided between her three daughters in moieties that were not reunited for a century and a half.

The most prominent feature of the house—its fourteenth-century tower—was probably built by Richard II's favourite. In the Victoria County History it is suggested that it is a survival of an older fortified building, and that the arch and vaulted entrance were pierced in the following century, when a house with hall, solar wing and offices was added to it. But although there must almost certainly have been an earlier building on the site, there is no need to assume that the tower was not designed and built as a porch tower. It is true that the curvilinear tracery of the windows looks earlier than the four-centred arch, but it is of a kind that in many parts of England, and significantly in Worcester itself where Sir John is likely to have gone for his masons, persisted long after the Black Death. As a parallel one may instance the great gateway of Wingfield Castle in Suffolk, which, though not earlier than 1385, shows the same type of window tracery with a contemporary arch of four-centred outline. Built of the local pinkish sandstone, which has been used in all the subsequent work, it is severe in outline and almost unrelieved by carving except for the gargoyles at the four angles.

All to the left of a line drawn below the chimney seen to the left of the tower in Fig. 3 is a modern addition, and the rest of the house acquired its present form when it was remodelled by the Bromleys at the end of the seventeenth century, but it incorporates a mediæval L-shaped structure, consisting of a hall with solar wing at right angles to it at its north end. There may have been another wing at the south end (Fig. 4), but shortly before 1700 the building was reduced to the form of a cube by the prolongation of the east wall of the solar southwards and



9.—HOLT CHURCH. THE SOUTH DOORWAY. RICH NORMAN CARVED ORNAMENT

the filling in of the re-entrant angle. In the process the east side of the hall became an internal wall. The type of building to which Holt belongs is that of a fortified manor house rather than a castle; it had its great hall and solar and perhaps other retiring rooms that have disappeared, but in an emergency the owner and his family could withdraw into the tower, which may be regarded as a West Country version of the pele towers of the Border. A later and more elaborate example of a porch tower, built when military considerations were no longer predominant, is that at Holcombe Court, Devon. Originally it will have been protected by a walled enclosure, and a short section of this wall, battlemented and furnished with a parapet walk, still exists on the south side of the forecourt (Fig. 3). There must also have been an outer gateway, probably on the line of the roadway (Fig. 2), and the forecourt may be pictured as containing stables and other outbuildings.

At a later period the hall was divided into two storeys and the great chimney-breast built which is seen to the right of the tower. Its three lofty chimneys, set diagonally, were blown down in a storm in November, 1938, but have been re-built in their original form. The Bromleys in their alterations at the end of the seventeenth century gave the house hipped roofs and new windows and prolonged the battlements round the south end and east side as far as the gable of the solar wing (seen on the right of Fig. 7). Some eighty years ago the house was extended northward to provide offices and a slight further extension in the same style has been made by the present owner.

The gardens at Holt, while preserving the levels and part of the lay-out of earlier times, owe much of their charm to the care devoted to them by Mrs. Pepys Cockerell, the present owner. Leland tells us that in Sir John Beauchamp's time Richard II "made attorneaments" at Holt. Traditionally the tilting ground is the long wide terrace, on the east side of the house, that is bounded by a walk above the steep bank that drops to the river meadows. The walk is known as Queen Adelaide's Walk after William IV's consort, who was fond of coming over to Holt when staying at Witley Court. The southern end of the broad terrace is enclosed by a tall yew hedge of great age, within which Mrs. Pepys Cockerell has laid out the delightful formal garden, with its paved paths and lily pool, seen in Figs. 4 and 5. At a higher level above this garden a long bowling green runs out from the south end of the house, and west of it is a big orchard and nut plantation. At the far end of the bowling green a pleasant garden-house with a roof of Cotswold slates has been built against the southern boundary wall, and lawn and formal garden are linked by a double flight of steps, architecturally treated, on the axis of the pool.

ARTHUR OSWALD.



10.—THE TWELFTH-CENTURY CHANCEL ARCH IN HOLT CHURCH

YUGOSLAVIA

THE HOME OF THE SOUTHERN SLAVS

THE Yugoslavs, in common with other Balkan peoples, have behind them a history of tragedy, oppression, and endless strife. They have staggered beneath the tyrant's yoke, and have known the agony of partition. Yet, although not without internal dissensions, they have emerged triumphant, their fierce desire for independence burning like a vital flame, urging them ever onwards, often in the face of blank despair.

Yugoslavia, a nation to-day, is still but a youthful one, troubled with growing-pains which the Regent, Prince Paul, has striven, not ineffectively, to overcome. Of latter years, however, his task has been complicated by the meddling of Nazis, Italians, and even the Soviets who are seeking to stir up trouble among hot-headed factions. Hitler's invasion of Holland and Belgium came as a sinister warning, but the menace from without achieved overnight that unity of purpose and people for which Prince Paul had toiled for years.

Occupying a key position between the eastern and western worlds, Yugoslavian terrain, since the dawn of history, has provided the point of contact between many nations and a battleground in their struggles. Remains of the Illyrians, Celts, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Turks and Slavs still exist in rich profusion, throwing into striking relief the historical phases through which the country has passed. But although many periods and forms of culture are represented, and notwithstanding the great contrasts of places and people—conveying a medley of Occidental and Oriental impressions—Yugoslavia is what its name implies—the land of the southern Slavs. And no one who knows them can doubt that they will rise as one man in its defence, even though the scars of the last war are not yet healed.

Belgrade is full of these; they intruded themselves upon me in the form of unwelcome shell-holes overgrown with grass, easily apparent to the traveller as he approaches the capital. But the city itself ignores them as, clad in modern raiment, it stretches out its arms as if in the act of embracing its 350,000 citizens.

Formerly the capital of Serbia, with a population of but 70,000, Belgrade now occupies the position of "first" city of

Yugoslavia, and has shed its former provincialism for the hustle and bustle of a smart new metropolis. With its re-birth appeared the slick, rounded faces of modern buildings, incongruously rubbing shoulders with shabby wooden huts; while here and there empty spaces serve as a reminder that the process of reconstruction is not by any means complete. It is a city of contrasts. Centuries of progress separate the up-to-date steel and concrete offices on the Milhailova ulica—the main thoroughfare—from the tiny, primitive restaurants emitting their tempting smell of sucking-pigs and succulent chickens roasting on revolving spits.

The balmy air of the city is rent by the din of traffic—noisier than Paris at its worst—and the unforgettable horns on every car, cart and bicycle are to be heard from early morning till late night. The regulations that drivers shall toot once when going ahead, twice when turning to the right, and three times for the left, are enthusiastically complied with; while over and above these signals sound the myriads of hoots of every vehicle, all without exception thinking they have the right of way.



H.M. KING PETER II OF YUGOSLAVIA IS EUROPE'S YOUNGEST SOVEREIGN



AT THE HEAD OF THE BOKA OF KOTOR, A FJORD WHICH FORMS ONE OF THE FINEST NATURAL HARBOURS IN THE WORLD

In the foreground is seen the road which climbs by a series of stupendous zig-zags over the shoulder of Mt. Lovcen into Montenegro



THE REGENT, PRINCE PAUL, AND THE
PRIME MINISTER, M. TSUETKOVITCH

Built on a mountain-side, an integral part of the mountain itself, the city catches the shimmering rays of the burning sun, and reflects a dazzling whiteness. Forgetting its incongruities, one accepts them as Belgrade, without fuss or commotion, without self-consciousness or ostentation, accepts itself.

Humming with life and activity, the pavements are crowded with people going about their business. Belgrade is theirs—the peasants' as much as the citizens'.

In a car whose raucous horn out-rivalled all others,

I was driven to Zemun, an ancient town on the opposite bank of the Save. From here countless generations of Serbs had gazed with bitterness on their neighbouring city, then occupied by the Turks, with the full view of the Kalemegdan, the Turkish fortress which commanded Belgrade, a perpetual memento to their subjugation. Zemun marked the end of the west and the beginning of the east, those two extremes which one meets side by side in the obscure town of Sarajevo.

Surrounded by mountains and bridging a small river, the Bosnian capital, Sarajevo, is just like any town, I thought, as, wandering through the centre, my glance took in the Western houses, the shops and the general process of everyday existence. But probing a little deeper, penetrating into the Mohammedan quarters, there life takes on another meaning; I was transported

to a new world, rich in impressions and contrasts. I was carried back, not to present-day Turkey, but to the core of the old conservative East, where modern ideas have not yet filtered and the fez and the veil are still to be seen.

The narrow, clean-swept streets flanked by simply planned white-washed houses seemed to denote an existence of equal simplicity. Languorous-eyed children passed me, accompanied by veiled women in shapeless garments, who do not enjoy the privileges accorded the women in Turkey. Here they may look out only from behind heavily latticed windows, and it is only the immature girls whose faces are allowed to be seen.

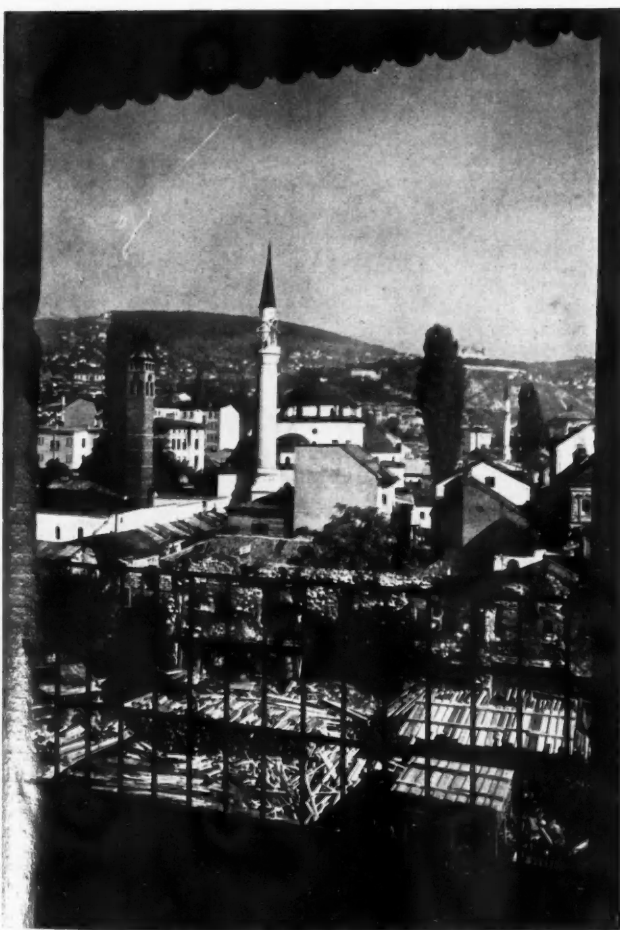
The Oriental market with its profusion of colour enabled me to dip into the leisurely life of the people; the old guild system is strictly adhered to—the potters, leather-workers, saddlers, cobblers and metal-craftsmen occupying the places they have had for hundreds of years.

Sitting at a small *caffee* before a cup of thick sugary Turkish coffee, the wisdom of the Sarajevo existence appeared so remote from the insane turmoil of the present age. Time did not press; it encompassed the tasks to be done with ease, in the same slow way as the caravan of pack-horses ambled by. Across the way the shops displayed their wares: gay embroideries, candied fruits and sweets, shining copper jugs with slender Islamic necks. Later, climbing up the narrow, tortuous street, I looked down on the sea of roof-tops, over which a hundred spiked minarets rose like tiny islets, the rounded domes of the mosques crouching beneath. The ridge of mountains before me seemed to fade away. In my mind's eye I beheld the luxuriant beauty of the Dalmatian Coast; in my nostrils was the smell of the blue Adriatic.

Much has already been written about the entrancing character of Dalmatia; but, to-day, it is its geographical position, more than its fairness, which is attracting world attention. The Italian strain present in its architecture may lead the casual visitor to conclude that he is on erstwhile Italian soil, but not even at the zenith of the Venetian Republic's power could Dalmatia be said to have belonged to Italy.

The Romans, it is true, have left many traces of their occupation throughout this narrow strip of land; Roman, too, is Salona, which was built as a pleasure resort. But, destroyed by barbarian invaders and obliterated by time, it is only recently that the remains of an amphitheatre, the massive square pillars of the city gate, and the baths—marvellously preserved—have been revealed by Yugoslavian archaeologists.

Smiling in the distance is sun-lit Split, beloved of the Emperor Diocletian; there, in 300 A.D., he built himself a magnificent palace as a retreat for his declining years. Three centuries



SARAJEVO, WHERE THE OCCIDENT AND THE
ORIENT MEET



THE CATHEDRAL AT ZAGREB IN CROATIA, NEAR
THE AUSTRIAN BORDER



IN THE STREETS OF SARAJEVO THE FEZ IS STILL WORN



THE MONASTERY OF SOPOCANI IN THE HEART OF OLD SERBIA

later savage hordes descended upon it, reducing the entire complex of buildings with their high walls, terraces, baths and temples to ruins, while fear drove the peaceful inhabitants to seek shelter in neighbouring islands. Returning later, they built their dwellings among the ruined remains, stripping them for materials, and thus destroying almost every vestige of the classic lines of the Roman architecture. Diocletian's mausoleum became a cathedral, still guarded, however, by the two sphinxes he had placed there. And so the memory of Rome survives. Italy remembers it particularly, but prefers to forget that the taciturn Emperor was not Roman, but a native of Dalmatia.

The Slavs have left a strong individual imprint on Dalmatian art of which the Romanesque period marks a definite opening. The cathedrals of Trogir and Rab are not only some of the finest examples of this early epoch, but are undoubtedly two of the most beautiful churches in Dalmatia. The small town of Rab provides an admirable setting for its cathedral with its gems of carvings, fine sculptures, and old palaces and patrician houses with their ornate balconies over which, like a veil of unreality, float the shadows of Venice's past glory. So fine are many of the sacred edifices and palaces that they lend to the often small towns they embellish an importance out of proportion to their size; one imagines them to be peopled by tens of thousands instead of the mere thousand or so. In the past, native talent was fostered by the presence of famous Italian architects, who were responsible for the many churches built between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries; but local masters were called upon to execute the decorations, which are highly individual and impart such a strong Croat flavour to the work of the period.

The artistic achievements of the past have proved a fertile source of inspiration for a succession of Dalmatian artists down to the present day; indeed, the Dalmatian sculptor Ivan Meštrović has been accorded the highest place among the world's contemporary artists.

It is at Dubrovnik, the old Ragusa, that the romantic spirit of the past survives most strongly. It has a tang of Venice and something of the atmosphere of Florence, but all the same its life and thought remain purely Yugoslavian. The grey stone walls, rising perpendicularly from the sea, and surrounding it from every side, recall the days when the small republic had to guard its shores from the unwelcome attentions of Venetians and Turks. Its diminutive size was in direct contrast to its bygone importance. Then Ragusa was the proud possessor of a flourishing trade, carried on far and wide, and its sailing-ships, manned by intrepid sailors, vied in venturesomeness with the Venetian galleys and Turkish vessels. A Great Council governed wisely and well, and knew, by bribes and treaties—ah, the good old days!—how to keep dangerous elements at bay. Even a visitation by the plague in the fifteenth century and the devastations caused by an earthquake, a year after London's Great Fire, did not crush the people's spirit. They remained undaunted until the voice of the French revolutionaries made itself heard, and the cry of liberty and equality demolished the social structure of the Republic. But so far nothing has been able to destroy the haunting charm, the fascination and the enchantment of the sea and sun bathed town.

I had always left the Dalmatian coast in a cheerful mood, for I had invariably enjoyed myself and knew I would return again. The "hospitable, good-humoured and very good-looking people"—as Bernard Shaw calls them—always make me feel at home. But my last departure was different; there was a determined look on the men's faces as they gazed across the Adriatic, where suspicious activities, described in Belgrade as "threatening," are taking place. As the steamer, usually filled with a gay crowd, but this time almost deserted, wound its way past picturesque towns and villages, islands and islets whose shore batteries I knew were fully manned, I could scarcely believe that this idyll might soon be the scene of a ghastly modern warfare.

W. A. DE SAGER.

"'T'WAS WHEN HIS BANNERS AT BOULOGNE . . ."

THE ENGLAND OF HARDY'S "DYNASTS"

THE Spectacle here presented to the mind's eye in the likeness of a Drama is concerned with the Great Historical Calamity, or Clash of Peoples, artificially brought about some hundred years ago." So wrote Thomas Hardy in the Preface to his immortal trilogy "The Dynasts," and went on to explain that:

The choice of such a subject was mainly due to three accidents of locality. It chanced that the writer was familiar with a part of England that lay within hail of the watering place in which King George the Third had his favourite summer place during the war with the first Napoleon and where he was visited by Ministers and others who bore the weight of English affairs on their more or less competent shoulders at that stressful time.

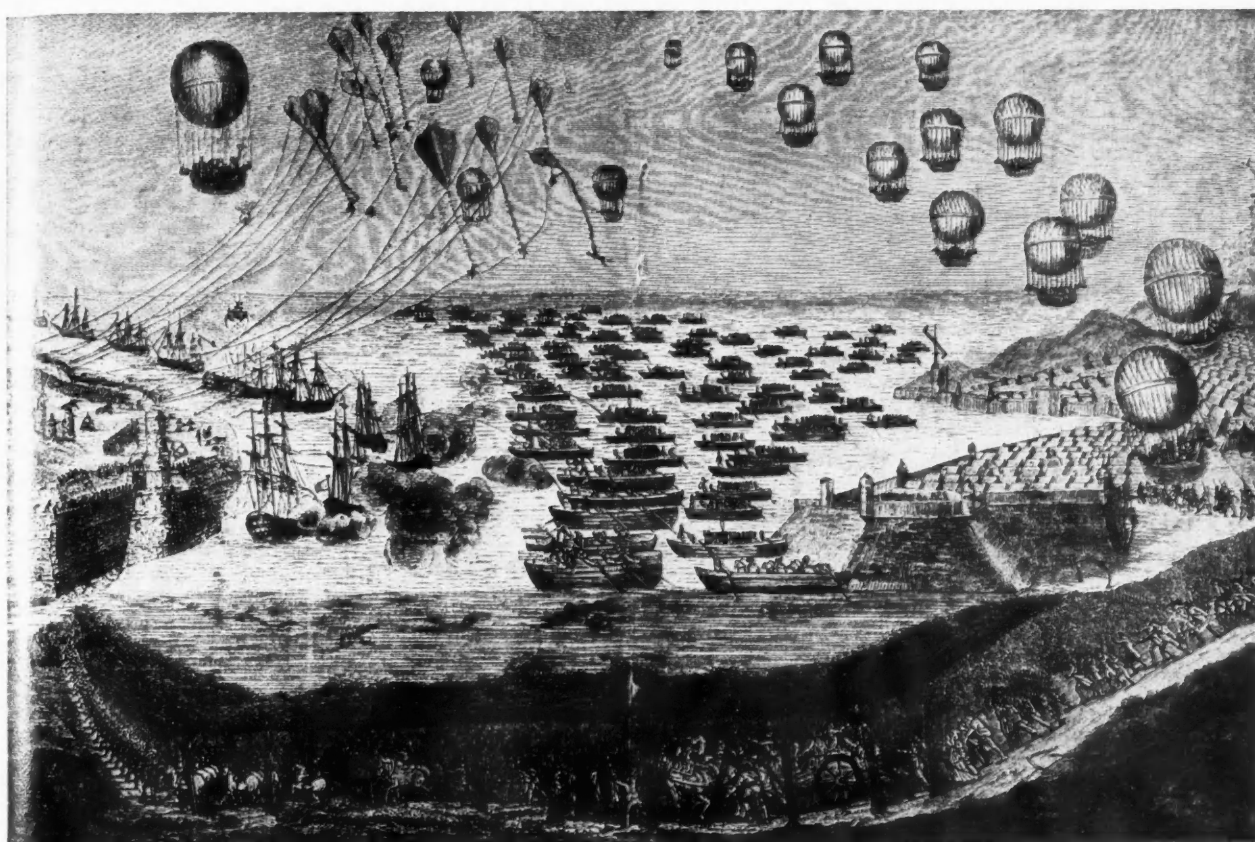
Secondly, this district, being also near the coast which had echoed the rumours of invasion in their intensest form while the descent threatened, was formerly animated by memories and traditions of the desperate military preparations for that contingency.

Thirdly the same countryside happened to include the village which was the birthplace of Nelson's flag-captain at Trafalgar.

Hardy had already published, some twenty years before, the well known story of "The Trumpet-Major," in which one of his two heroes, moving in a world almost fantastically like the present day, enlists (with the help of Captain Hardy) in the Royal Navy and shares the victory of Nelson at Trafalgar. When he wrote that romance he found himself, as he confessed later, "in the tantalising position of having touched the fringe of a tragedy

without being able, through limits of plan, knowledge and opportunity, to enter further into its events." How he came to outstep those limits and to present the world with a vast work of dramatic genius need not detain us here. What we wish to look at here is the countryside of England a hundred and fifty years ago in the light of our reactions to the European menace of to-day. Then, as now, the country was taking its steps to prepare against invasion, and it is odd to recall how exactly the two situations tally. The French print of 1803 reproduced here might easily have been devised and issued by some ancestor of Dr. Goebbels and, for all we know, the authorities may be hunting to-day for the English end of Hitler's Channel Tunnel! Clearly the proposed invasion from the air is anything but a novelty; and if the equivalent of the parachute existed a hundred and fifty years ago, we also had our country bands of parashots or parachooters.

In those days the enemy's objective was defined as the invasion of our coasts, probably at several points, in order to attack and paralyse London as the centre of the kingdom. To-day, as Mr. John Langdon-Davies points out in his invaluable little pamphlet, *PARACHUTES OVER BRITAIN*, just published by the Pilot Press, the German object has been the same, to invade or to keep us guessing as to the point of possible invasion. So far as land defence is concerned, we are in the same position as before. "We cannot possibly



THE INVASION OF ENGLAND, 1803, FROM A CONTEMPORARY FRENCH PRINT

tell at what points . . . the blow or blows will fall," writes Mr. Langdon-Davies. "Every male inhabitant must be on the watch, must be trained to observe and report anything that he sees, and must know how to harass and hold up the enemy until adequate military forces can arrive." Though these are not the same words, they bear a striking resemblance to the proclamations issued at the end of the eighteenth century. One such, readers of Hardy will remember, was discovered by Bob and Anne nailed upon a tree.

ADDRESS TO ALL RANKS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF ENGLISHMEN

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN—*The French are now assembling the largest force that ever was prepared to invade this Kingdom with the professed purpose of effecting our complete Ruin and Destruction. They do not disguise their intentions, as they have often done to other Countries. Whenever they have lately appeared, they have spared neither Rich nor Poor, Old nor Young, but like a Destructive Pestilence have laid waste and destroyed every Thing that before was fair and flourishing.*

Rouse, therefore, and unite as one man in the best of Causes! Victory will never belong to those who are slothful and unprepared.

"I must go and join at once!" said Bob, as many thousands of his countrymen have said and are saying to-day. And how perfect is the resemblance between the conversation with which "The Dynasts" opens and any that may be heard in a contemporary railway carriage. The scene is a "Ridge in Wessex" overlooking the sea, and the speakers are the travellers in a stage-coach approaching Weymouth.

Second Passenger: See, now, how the Channel and coast open out like a chart. . . . One can see half across to France up here.

First Passenger: Half across. And then another little half and then all that's behind—the Corsican mischief.

Second Passenger: Yes. People who live hereabouts feel the nearness to France more than they do inland.

First Passenger: That's why we have seen so many of these marching regiments upon the road. This year they reckon his grandest attempt is to be made, I reckon.

Second Passenger: May we be ready!

First Passenger: Well, we ought to be. We've had alarms enough, and knows!

Third Passenger: I much doubt his intention to come at all.

It is impossible to enumerate in detail here all the glimpses Hardy gives us of that rustic England at war. There is an unforgettable scene on the Downs, where a majestic King George is seated on horseback below the Royal Standard, and in a coach drawn by six cream-coloured Hanoverians "is Queen Charlotte with the three Princesses. But a Royal review is not the essential staff of our rural defence. This Hardy found still visible to the eyes of youth, and thus described it: "An outhouse door riddled with bullet-holes, which had been extemporised by a solitary man as a target for firelock practice when the landing was hourly expected;

a heap of bricks and clods on a beacon hill which had formed the chimney and walls of the hut occupied by the beacon keeper; worm-eaten shafts and iron heads of pikes for the use of those who had no better weapons; ridges on the downs thrown up during the encampment; fragments of volunteer uniforms and other such lingering remains.

One wonders what the Thomas Hardy of the next century will find, and what stories of the last "Clash of Peoples" he will be told by the older rustics of his early years!



VISCOUNT MILTON, COLONEL OF THE DORSET VOLUNTEERS, circa 1795. One of a series of portraits by Thomas Beach of the officers of the Dorset Volunteer Rangers

NIGHTS WITH SEA TROUT

IF I were one of those unfortunate individuals who, for family or other reasons, have to compress most of their fishing into an August or early September holiday, I should be very sure that the river of my choice contained sea trout as well as salmon. It is true that some of the best salmon rivers hold few migratory trout, because trutta is far more particular about its choice of water than salar, and slow running, and particularly muddy, rivers find little favour in the sight of the former species. But salmon fishing on most of our rivers in August usually means a good deal of fishing and not many salmon, and the presence of sea trout is, so to speak, an insurance policy against a fishless holiday. The very worst possible conditions for catching salmon—hot, cloudless days and dead low water, which are so often the August angler's lot—are "just what the doctor ordered" for the pursuit of sea trout at night.

Night fishing in high water is usually a poor business. Instead of being collected in the larger pools, as they are in times of drought, the sea trout are spread over the whole river, and for night fishing to be good one does want a well stocked pool or two where the fish are present, not in single spies but in whole battalions.

In spite of a rather widespread belief to the contrary, my own firm opinion, which is echoed by other experienced anglers, is that sea trout are not particularly gut-shy. I have never found the slightest advantage in fishing very fine, and the practice has very obvious dangers in rivers where the fish run big.

A heavy sea trout is the most difficult fish to play that we have in our rivers; its take is so violent, it fights so fast and jumps so often, that to use 3x or 4x gut is simply asking for trouble, especially as playing a fish at night is definitely more difficult than in daylight. One will hook just as many, and land far more, by never going below 1x, and for years my usual cast has been fine undrawn (.010 B.W.G.).

But if sea trout are not gut-shy they most certainly are man-shy. One has only to stand in full view of a pool to realise this. Salmon, unless they have been much harassed, take little apparent notice of figures on the bank, but sea trout become agitated at once and soon make for shelter in the deepest or fastest water. This is one reason, at any rate, why they are so difficult to catch in English rivers by day, and why it is essential not to start trying the still shallow pool tails too early.

As friendly darkness falls the fish move from the deep water back to the tail. I imagine they have two main reasons for so doing. First, the shallows cool down more quickly after sunset than the deeps, and any breeze will ripple the surface and aerate the water, increasing the oxygen content, which in hot weather and low water becomes too deficient for the comfort of the fish. Second, it is easier for them to see food in the shape of flies, moths and caterpillars in the shallow than in the deep water, and sea trout do feed in fresh water very heartily when any food is available. In floods I have caught them literally full to the neck with small pale brown slugs which have been washed out of the grass on the banks by the rising water.

At holiday time one naturally wants to be on the river as much as possible, and so, dinner over, one sallies forth, perhaps reaching the stream by 9 p.m. or thereabouts. Then for an hour one may while away the time trying the heads of the pools and the faster runs with fly or tiny spinning bait on thread-line tackle on the chance of picking up a salmon or odd sea trout.

If spinning, the bait should be cast up-stream and brought



TRYING THE HEADS OF THE POOLS

down fast, so that the quarry, be it salmo or trutta, obtains only a fleeting glimpse and so is induced to turn and dash at the elusive morsel without having time to "vet" it too closely or ponder over the wisdom of the old maxims "Look before you leap" and "All is not gold that glitters," which, I feel sure, are the most usual texts on the walls of all piscine nurseries.

When one thinks it is dark enough, start fishing at the head of the pool and work towards the tail, and, once there, stay there, for I question if there is anything to be gained by moving about, unless there is another pool easily get-at-able. A hooked fish will not disturb the others in the least, and on nights when they are taking well one may fill the bag without moving a yard.

It does not matter in the least whether one casts up, down or across stream, and the important things are two. First, keep the flies high in the water; and second, keep them moving. Both can be accomplished, as soon as the cast has been made, by "pulling through"—that is, taking in line and either coiling it in the left hand or, if the ground is clear, letting it fall at one's feet. The fish are looking up at the surface, and so are more likely to see a fly between them and the sky than one close to and invisible against the bottom of the river, while movement both arouses attention and renders the artificial more lifelike.

I doubt if flies or colour matters one jot in the flies one uses at night, because rods fishing the same pool may all catch fish although one is using a three-hook lure, another bigish flies, 6-8 in size, and a third tiny irons of 10-12 numbers. I always have two flies on the cast, for in a long experience I have found that a dropper, 3½ ft. above the tail, catches as many fish as the latter, and for some reason, possibly because it is nearer the surface, more of the big 'uns.

I like a dark fly and a light fly—for the same reason as did the late Mr. Arthur Wood for salmon—because it gives both oneself and the fish a choice. My usual selection is a claret and mallard and a teal and silver, and I don't care in the least which is tail and which is dropper.

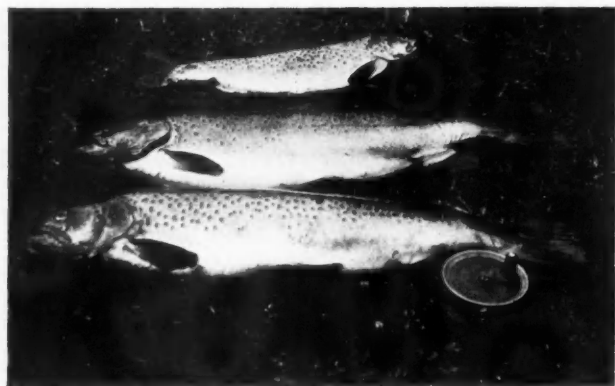
There is one question often asked: "Is it going to be a good night?" No night is certain to be good; one sort is sure to be hopeless. That is when, after the sun has set, the air turns colder, and a mist, "smoking water" I call it, rises from the surface of the stream. So long as this continues one will not move a fish, but sea trout often take very well in a thick land mist.

I like moonlight, the brighter the better, and some of my best evenings have been with a full moon blazing down upon the water, and it is certainly much more pleasant fishing then than on a pitch black night, when, moreover, the netting of a big sea trout is a very nerve-racking business.

On most rivers there are pools which are impossible to fish with fly, at any rate after dark. Most anglers avoid these, but such a pool, if it holds sea trout, and these fish love shade, may yield a rich harvest to the enterprising person who tries it with a small quill minnow or phantom on thread-line tackle.

Spinning with a fixed-spool reel is so easy that it is quite possible to do so on the darkest night after a little practice. A silk line of 6-8 lb. is better than the rather intractable gut substitute which possesses too many possibilities for tangling to be safe to use at night. The trace is 3-4 ft. of .012 gut or substitute and a stiffish fly rod will serve quite well so long as the treble hook arming the bait is small, fine in the wire and needle sharp.

Spin up, down or across, it matters not a scrap, but spin fairly fast and keep the bait high in the water, and you may be surprised at the size of some of the sea trout you'll connect with. Brown trout too, the cannibals of two and three pounds, which are far better out of the river, often fall to this form of fishing. A variation, much used on a West Country river, is to use two big lobworms, one as tail and one as dropper. WEST COUNTRY.



"A HEAVY SEA TROUT IS THE MOST DIFFICULT FISH TO PLAY." 7lb., 6lb., and 1½lb.

CORRESPONDENCE

QUEER PLAYMATES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Circumstances make strange play-fellows, as is shown in this charming snapshot of the kittens and an armadillo in the Pets' Corner at Maidstone Zoo. The kitten that has mounted the armoured back of the armadillo looks quite at home and thoroughly pleased with itself, but the armadillo wears an aloof and reserved expression. We suspect the game is a somewhat one-sided affair, played with the usual high spirits on the part of the kittens.—P

THE REAPER OF THE ROADSIDES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—At this time of the year men may be seen scything down the herbage at the sides of the country roads. To many of us this is a yearly matter of regret, for it means saying farewell to the wild flowers and grasses that have made the hedge-banks a succession of delights since early spring. I prize the remark of my three year old daughter, who, when I took her for a walk along a country lane this summer, exclaimed: "Oh, Daddy, what a lovely garden!" And so it was, for there were masses of flowers of every colour peeping out from among the nodding grasses and the powdery fringe of cow-parsley. I started once to count how many different varieties of wild flowers and grasses I could find growing at the side of the short stretch of road leading past my cottage in Kent, but I gave it up when the number had reached the fifties—I found I could have gone on counting all the afternoon. One pleasure, which the roads have given me in previous summers, has been denied to me this year. It is to motor down from London late at night in an open car through fragrant Kentish lanes, with the luxuriant growth of flowers and grasses glistening on either side of the car in the full beams of the head lamps, and the fresh scent of them all meeting one in great waves as one drives through. Those drives seemed like journeying through some wonderful dream garden. With what longing does one look for these things to come again. There is nothing without its compensations however—even the exigencies of war—and one can imagine what a revelation and joy our roadsides must be to countless evacuee children who have had the chance of seeing the whole sequence of the countryside in bloom for the first time.—JAMES FRANCIS COLLINSON.

AN ANCIENT MONUMENT OF CEYLON

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—This *dagoba*, known as the Pabalu Vihara (coral or bead shrine), is another of the ancient monuments of Polonnaruwa, Ceylon's mediæval capital, which has recently been restored. Dating back to the twelfth century, it must have stood at least 50ft. in height, and it is 85ft. in diameter. Sinhalese chronicles state that this building is no other than the vast golden *Stupa* built by Rupavati, the favourite consort of the then reigning king, Parakrama Bahu the Great. Before restoration of the ruins, the dangerous mass of brickwork poised on the summit had to be dismantled. While this work was in progress, it was revealed



"A-DILLOING IN HIS ARMOUR"

(as a result of a stone pillar being thrown to the ground) that thieves had broken open the *tee*, and demolished the spire in their search for treasure. The *tee* was built in the form of a small rectangular chamber with niches in its

In four of these cavities, pointing to the main cardinal points, were found crudely executed bronze figures of the lion, the horse, the bull and the elephant—"the traditional guardians of the four quarters of the globe." In the other cavities were discovered, among other things, a crystal reliquary of unusual shape, a crystal ring, a miniature gilt-bronze *dagoba*, a little bronze serpent figure, and a four-faced guardian deity standing on a tortoise. There were also two necklaces of coloured coral beads or conch shells respectively, and a gilt bronze model of a *Stupa*—apparently the gift of some pious donor, presumably a lady. All these antiquities have since been handed over by the Archaeological Department to the Colombo Museum authorities, for exhibition to the general public.—S. V. O. SOMANADER.



IN A YORKSHIRE CHURCH

interior walls for the reception of images and other votive offerings. On the removal of the foundation stone, there was found a granite "mystic stone" with nine small square cavities for the reception of relics and votive offerings.

A MERMAN IN STONE?

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I have found that the carvings on the corbels which terminate the hood-mouldings make a fascinating study when making an inspection of a church. My photograph was taken in the delightful village church at Kirklington, just off the Great North Road, Yorkshire. Here is an unusual carving showing a strange creature with a human head and the body of a fish. I think that it must have been the carver's idea to depict a merman. It certainly is a queer-looking grotesque with its limbs like those of a dog. Just to the right of the face will be noted what appears to be the letter M. This is probably a mason's mark.—COUNTRYWOMAN.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The recent correspondence concerning flax-growing reminds me that in old-time documents the Church festival of St. Mary Magdalene, which falls on July 22nd, was often named as the correct date for pulling up flax by the roots, and that in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth Acts of Parliament were passed which compelled everyone who owned sixty acres or more of tillage to produce at least a quarter of an acre of either flax or hemp.—S. MOORHOUSE.

FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Those who wonder how British prisoners of war in Germany pass the appalling monotony of their captivity, with but scant contact with the outside world, may be interested to know of the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund, whose main object is to keep the minds of British men in German hands happily interested and occupied. The Fund was founded by Miss Christine Knowles, O.B.E., of Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1, who was awarded the O.B.E. for her services to British prisoners during the last war, and was the first Englishwoman to fly home from America after the outbreak of this war to offer her services again in the same cause. The Chairman is Sir Hugh Walpole, and the committee is an influential one.

Individual consideration is the aim of the Fund, which exists on voluntary subscriptions, now urgently needed. Immediately the names of prisoners are received, each man is sent a standard "first capture" parcel, containing a Bible, a novel, pack of cards and small draughts



THE RECENTLY RESTORED PABALU VIHARA IN CEYLON



THE WREN'S NEST

or chess board. The relations of the prisoner are then consulted as to his individual tastes, so that in future parcels they may be catered for, and the prisoners themselves are asked to state their preferences, which are never unheeded. Parcels sent by the Fund may vary from sporting equipment and indoor games of all kinds, musical instruments, even gramophones and records, to books of numerous kinds, though travel books and novels are usually in most demand. How much they are all valued is revealed by the increasing number of pathetically grateful postcards and letters of thanks sent by prisoners to the Fund. Few of the even rare posts to our prisoners in enemy lands are more eagerly anticipated by the captives than those from this Fund, and its sponsors are sparing no effort to meet whatever demands may be made upon it in difficult days ahead.

—CATHERINE BIRT.

RICHARD JEFFERIES AND ALFRED WILLIAMS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The memorials to Richard Jefferies and Alfred Williams on the Wiltshire downs between Marlborough and Swindon have now been completed, and I enclose a photograph of the great sarsen which has been erected on Barbury Down close to the row of stunted firs which Jefferies knew so well and which he described in "Round About a Great Estate." The estate is Burderop and the site was given by Mrs. and Miss Calley of Burderop Park. The three-ton "grey wether," given by Messrs. Tattersall of the Manton Training Stables, was brought from Overton Down to the spot where it now stands overlooking the Vale of White Horse where both Jefferies and Williams were born. The sarsen bears two bronze plaques with incised lettering. One is inscribed: "Richard Jefferies. 1848-1887. It is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine." The passage, from "The Story of my Heart," was chosen by Henry Williamson, the novelist. The other, with some lines taken from Williams' "On the Downs," reads: "Alfred Williams. 1877-1930. Still to find and still to follow Joy in every hill and hollow Company in solitude." It was originally intended to set up the sarsen on Liddington, the great castle hill four miles to the north-east. When this could not be arranged, the Director-General of H.M. Ordnance Survey was asked whether permission might be granted for a memorial plaque to be affixed to the triangulation pyramid on Liddington Castle. The request was readily granted, and affixed to the bare pylon is now a plaque, similar to those used by the National Trust, with the inscription: "Liddington Hill. The Hill beloved of Richard Jefferies and Alfred Williams."—J. B. J.

GIVING HERSELF ROPE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—This photograph shows a wren's nest built in an unusual position, in the bottom coil of a rope hung on the wall of a building on a farm at South Buckland, near Weymouth. The nest fits neatly into the rope, and the situation is quite a good one.—B. R. ROBINS.

CHEAP RABBIT HUTCHES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The suggestion that a useful addition to the meat ration may be provided by an extension of rabbit-keeping is likely to be acted upon extensively, as it was during the last war. There are certainly opportunities for the smaller householders to keep rabbits, which need not occupy much space, though they will make extensive demands upon supplies of waste greenstuff from the garden and elsewhere. Often enough "elsewhere" will provide most of the requirements. The object of this note, however, is to mention a cheap form of hutch, for the essence of rabbit-keeping must be to restrict expenditure. During the last war I kept quite a number of Blue Beverens, and hutches cost very little. Apart from two or three breeding hutches about 4ft. long by 2ft. by 2ft., I found it useful to purchase as cheaply as possible a number of boxes uniform in style and of fair size (e.g., sugar boxes), each to hold a single youngster. These were nailed together in batches of four, the roof of the lowest to the floor of the one above, and so on, care being taken to clout the nails well down. A similar result may be obtained by tacking two thin strips of wood at each end of the tier of four boxes. The floors were covered with pitch to keep them dry and preserve the wood; a simple door of wire netting, with two hook-and-eye fastenings, was made to cover the four boxes; and the top was covered with any waterproof material (lino, tarred felt, galvanised sheeting, etc.) as a protection against rain between spring and autumn, when the hutches could be kept in the open. In winter a shed or outhouse is desirable. Two or three drainage holes may usefully be drilled at the floor level at the back of each hut, and the group of hutches should have a slight tip backwards. Each rabbit had two shallow tins hung by pin fasteners on the door wire, to hold water and any grain or meal that could be supplied. Incidentally, quite considerable quantities of good grass and clovers may be collected from roadsides, and much of this might be cured as hay for use during winter and to save grain and meal. The photograph illustrates the hutches I used. They were quite successful. A large number of valuable pelts were obtained fit for the fur trade, as well as a lot of rabbit carcasses for food. Some readers may wonder whether the lowest rabbit will hop out while those in the upper boxes are tended. It was found in practice that there was little likelihood of trouble if the lowest animal was attended to and fed first, so that it would be fully occupied. Also, one's legs act as a stop, especially if the door is not opened too wide.—H. C. LONG.

COMMON SEALS ON LUNDY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an account of the life and fauna of Lundy, which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of December 16th, 1939, bringing back to me pleasant memories of a five months' stay on the Isle of Puffins, in the spring and summer of last year, for the purpose of studying the eighty thousand sea birds nesting on its steep cliffs. And I should like to take the opportunity of correcting the statement that common seals breed in the island's caves. They do not, nor, one imagines,



A FOUR-STOREY RABBIT HOUSE

ever have, and it must be very rare to see a common seal in these waters at all. Here, off Northumberland and all the way down the West Coast of Scotland, the breeding seal is Ron Mor, the Great Grey Seal. Indeed, the only parts of the British Isles where I, personally, have seen common seals at all frequently has been Norfolk, with its broad sands dear to this smaller species.

Compared with the great colonies of grey seals off the West of Scotland, where the fat fellows lie out on the reefs in hundreds, Lundy's colony is a small one. The biggest number I ever saw basking in the sun together on the Island rocks was fifteen. With the ebbing of the tide from the shelves and ledges of the huge stack of Gannets Rock the seals and their cubs seek the sun, heaving themselves up mightily and persistently on to the rocks with pushing flippers, often attempting to scale them long after the waters have gone back too far for them to leap up their steep sides. If unsuccessful in their attempts, they roll on to their sides or backs, baring their fat porpoise bellies to the glorious sun, and laying back their anvil heads at full stretch. From time to time they heave themselves higher up the bare rock and yawn continually, coil, stretch, wipe their snouts with their paws, and flounder about the rock sluggishly. Highest up the reefs bask the foxy-furred cubs, comically scratching their bellies with lazy hands. The cows are jealous for them and will not often allow the bulls to bask on the same rock. One cow rolls over at a bull clinging with his strong claws to the shelving rock, head and shoulders out of the water, biting at him with her pink jaws, while he turns his massive head from side to side, loath to go. The two growl and snarl like dogs, blowing their bottle-moaning oo-oo, until the bull dives, puffing in the tide's surge. Later he attempts another landing, waking her at full stretch with a sudden start and an angry roaring. When in the end she allows him to clamber on to the rock, he moans at the cub sulkily, with cuffing paws.—RICHARD PERRY.

[Mr. Harry Cox, the author of the article, to whom we submitted our correspondent's letter, writes: "Mr. Perry may be right in stating that the common seal does not breed on Lundy, and I wrong. I have, however, not only seen them at Lundy but as far inland as Brean Down. I agree that the grey is the more common variety at Lundy now, but Chanter, who is the authority on the island's history, fauna and flora, states that in his day the common seal preponderated. I am not sure, but I think that Mr. Gade, who has lived on the island as Mr. Harman's agent and manager for ten years, was my authority for stating that the common seal does breed there. I have never been on Lundy at the breeding season, but hope one day to go there in October or November and to go into the matter. Meanwhile I admit that Mr. Perry may be right, but another day will hope to prove him wrong."—ED.]



THE SARSEN COMMEMORATING RICHARD JEFFERIES AND ALFRED WILLIAMS ON BARBURY DOWN

FARMING NOTES

NOT SO EARLY—PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS—RENTS AND WAGES—FENCING—STRAIGHT CAKES—
SHEEP PRICES—EGGS 2s. 9d. PER DOZ.—FEEDING VALUE OF LEAVES

HARVEST is not to be so early after all. There are a few pieces of winter oats which came through the frost and ice, but the field I have been watching has been slow to colour. This will be the first to come to the header in my district. The wheat will follow soon afterwards, and then there will be, so it looks, a gap before the late-sown spring oats are ready. Some of the barley which was not planted until late April is likely to be about in the fields until mid-September. Whatever the weather does from now onwards, corn harvest cannot be such a quick and easy business as hay-time. It was amazing how well everyone managed, even though they were short-handed. The hay made itself, and there can never have been a year when fewer man-hours were needed to save the hay crop in such good order. True, there are some rather insignificant ricks in some meadows where the cattle were left to graze late in the spring, but the quality all round is well above the average.

One effect of the lightening hay-time was that farmers made little call on the hundreds of volunteers who have given in their names for seasonal work on farms this summer. The gardeners, the gamekeepers, the roadmen and others with some experience in the neighbourhood came along in the evenings and in some cases whole-time, and their help was sufficient. No doubt some schoolboys and university students gave a hand, but the demand for their services fell far short of the offers made to the county war committees.

In some years the roots compete with the hay for labour, but this year neither the roots nor the weeds have grown so strongly as to make hoeing a heavy business. It will be interesting to see how much use is made of the holiday harvest camps for schoolboys. Some have been cancelled through lack of demand from farmers, but there should be several hundred boys and undergraduates at work on the harvest. Others are going to work in the Forestry Commission's plantations in Wales and other parts of the country. More boys could have been placed on farms if there had not been the liability of the farmer to pay a wage of 6d. an hour. No doubt this is in line with minimum agricultural wages for boys, but these schoolboys do not pretend to be farm workers. They are putting in some of their time helping to get in the nation's harvest. It would have been better to turn a blind eye to wage rates and leave the schools to arrange with farmers for the boys to give their services for their keep and pocket-money. This, I believe, was how the holiday harvest camps were run in the last war.

A Norfolk farmer has asked me to unravel the question of farm cottage rents. He wants to know whether he is entitled, now that he is paying all his men at least 10s. a week extra in wages, to deduct another 3s. a week for cottage rents. As I understand the position, the sum which may be deducted from a farm worker's wage for cottage rent is still 3s. a week, unless the farmer has applied to the local Wages Committee and obtained authority to charge a higher rent, up to 6s. a week, for superior cottages which have amenities like water laid on and three bedrooms instead of two. But what applies in one part of the country may not apply elsewhere, and my Norfolk friend should certainly get in touch with the secretary of the County Agricultural Wages Committee and make sure of the procedure in the county. Now that farm workers are getting better wages there is no reason why they should not pay a more nearly economic rent for good cottages. Some cottages are worth no more than 3s. a week, and rent increases are certainly not be universal.

Wire netting has suddenly become a scarce commodity. Barb wire, too, has disappeared from the ironmonger's in the market town. The military bought up all they could lay their hands on last week. Of course, defence works must take preference over everything else, even food production; but it will be a



MR. GERALD WINTER, O.B.E.: FOR GALLANTRY IN THE FIELDS Mr. Winter, a foreman ploughman for the East Sussex Agricultural Committee, was awarded the O.B.E. last March for his gallantry in entering a R.A.F. plane that had crashed and burst into flames and rescuing one of the crew. This photograph was taken at Sharden Farm, near Mayfield, which has been taken over by the East Sussex Agricultural Executive Committee

but it is hard to come by. Compound cakes are not being issued under this scheme. They do not store as well as straight cakes, and, anyway, I think most of us are more anxious to get hold of straight cakes after last winter's experience when linseed, ground nut and soya bean were almost unobtainable for several weeks when we wanted them.

We now know well ahead the prices for lambs and fat sheep which will rule through the autumn and, indeed, until next summer. One shilling and three pence half-penny a pound for lambs in early July shows no great increase on the level in recent years. This price is hardly enough for light-weight lambs, but the late summer and autumn prices are certainly better than the average of recent years. I have sold good lambs at 9d. a pound. Now we are assured of 1s. 2½d. a pound in September, which is the lowest figure. Behind this scale of prices there is no doubt the declared intention to discourage farmers from selling their lambs at light weights in the summer and to encourage them to keep them on for an extra few weeks into the autumn to grow into more meat. The highest price of the year is 1s. 5½d., reached in late March and April. There is nothing attractive about this for the Down flock-masters who lamb their ewes about Christmas to catch the out-of-season Easter lamb trade. They, like other sheep farmers, will have to manage with less cake and carry their sheep on to heavy weights. Quality is at a discount to-day.

As soon as the maximum price of top-grade eggs was raised to 2s. 9d. per dozen retail, the National Mark wholesale price jumped to 2s. 9d. Left with no trading margin, retailers in the towns will be out of the egg business soon. It is not clear what is happening. It is possible that large quantities were being put into store against shortage and high prices in the winter, but control by fixing maximum prices can only work when the prices bear some relation to the supply and demand. The hens have been laying fairly well through the summer despite the dry time, but as they go into the moult eggs will be scarcer until the spring-hatched pullets come into production. Australia will no doubt send all the eggs she can in the winter, but, cut off from Continental supplies, the home market is bound to go short. Home production is on a declining scale owing to the curtailing of mash and grain supplies to poultry farmers, but to counterbalance this decline in commercial production there are certainly many more hens being kept by householders who have some accommodation in the garden. Hardly a week passes now without someone ringing up to know if I have a dozen or half a dozen hens to spare. Some ask for a poultry-house too, and all at "give-away" prices.

In a dry time the cattle will pull at the elm branches and eat their fill of the leaves. They will eat leaves off the birch, ash and poplar too, when they are fresh in early summer. The nutrition authorities say that the feeding value of these leaves, even at their best, is only equal to poor meadow hay. Some leaves—ivy, laburnum, fir, and the notorious yew—are harmful to stock. So we are not likely to make good the deficiency of imported feeding-stuffs by saving and drying the leaves off the trees to carry our cattle through the winter, as some helpful people have suggested.

CINCINNATUS.

serious matter if supplies are cut off altogether. Quite often the ploughing of more grassfields necessitates new fencing, particularly where part only of a field can be ploughed. The rest must be fenced off if it is to be stocked properly. A single strand of electrified wire may be the solution where a field has now been cut in two with no stock fence dividing the arable from the pasture.

It will be comforting to have a supply of linseed cake safely stored in the barn as a first instalment of the protein cake needed to balance the home-grown corn we shall be feeding this winter. I have just signed the necessary undertaking promising that this forward delivery of oil cake will be set against the quantity to be supplied to me in the winter. I wanted cotton cake too,

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

HEADS OR TAILS

I HAD a letter from a correspondent the other day, in which he said that, being told by everybody that he was too old to serve in the field, he "found golf and golf thoughts a great help in trying to take the mind off the troubles of the times." He thereupon propounded to me a theory of swinging, and I propose to pass it on, because I think that such things do afford a momentary and legitimate escape. Indeed, in one respect they are better now than at normal times, because the theorist has all to gain and nothing to lose. If his new system works, he gets a little pleasure and interest; and if it does not, well—such things are now so supremely unimportant that he is not disappointed. The system in this case is both daring and interesting, but I must just add a word of odious caution, as does the editor who will not hold himself responsible for the political opinions of his correspondents. Should anyone try it and hit the ball to some odd places, let him keep his niblick for the legitimate purpose of getting it out again and not assault me with it!

My correspondent took as the peg for his discourse a remark of Burton's which I had quoted, that the tail—i.e., the golfer's body—should not wag the dog, in the form of his arms and his club. "I suggest," says the iconoclast, "that the head should do this. I have discovered that I can hit a shade farther, a shade straighter and much more easily, if I address the ball with my right eye cocked at it and then turn the head till the left eye is cocked at the ball." He goes on to say, I think truly enough, that if the hands follow the head the position at the top of the swing is "practically orthodox" and adds: "To me, it feels as if the head swings the hands back till the club-head tugs at them; then the head returning to its original position seems to pull down the club from the top."

After that I must begin a fresh paragraph so as to give the reader time to gasp, because, whatever the position at the top of the swing, the method of attaining it is certainly not orthodox. On one point I am entirely sympathetic, namely, that a little movement of the head gives a feeling of ease. We are told by the orthodox to keep the head still, and on the whole I believe them to be right, but, like other sound advice, it is capable of abuse. To keep the head still does not mean to keep it as if enclosed in one of those diabolical vice-like contraptions which photographers once employed. To do that is to take ease and rhythm out of the swing, and, moreover, the head, thus clamped, is apt to break violently and prematurely out of its prison before the club reaches the ball. I have told before but I will tell again how Mr. Hilton once rescued me from the uttermost abyss and made me drive like an angel by the simple prescription of letting my head turn a little both in the back and the forward swing. Of course he was right—he always was—and of course I was wrong in that I could not let well alone; I was so pleased with my new driving and so

grateful to my rescuer that I exaggerated his advice till I began to feel like a teetotum, with disastrous results. Therein, I fancy, lies the danger in my correspondent's theory. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; he has found it answer in his case, and he must be a strong-minded person who can keep his head within bounds, but I doubt if most people could. In fact, he says that his head "does not turn more than 15° or 20°," and that is not so outrageous, since the most eminent heads do turn a little in the back swing. Being an earnest student he submitted his idea to Cotton, who said that he could not recommend it, but admitted that the eye never came off the ball.

One of the "snags" as I see it in this system, as in any system of deliberate turning of any part of the anatomy, is that sooner or later the patient will begin to swing, so to speak, round his stomach. I may be judging too exclusively by my own aberrations, for I have always found that this was the result of thinking too much about turning, whether my head, my hips, or anything else. For a little while all went beautifully, and then my club-head, instead of keeping on the right path, became both too low and too circular in its movements. We know that Bob Martin likened his own swing to "an auld wife cutting hay," and he was a very fine golfer who won two championships, but I imagine that this similitude of his ought not to be taken too literally. It always seems to me remarkable how greatly good golfers vary, or at any rate appear to vary, from each other in this matter of turning or pivoting, call it what you will. Take George Duncan, for example, than whom no one has had a more true and lovely swing. Of course he pivots, but one scarcely notices it in the whole rhythmic movement. Another example—and here I can point the moral by a small true story—is Lady Amory. When she was still Miss Wethered she played a round on a course where none of the ladies had ever seen her before. They studied her every movement, with eyes starting out of their heads, and came to the quite erroneous conclusion that she did not pivot. They then went out, as they thought, piously to imitate her, with the most deplorable and agonising consequences. On the other hand, there are some equally good players who seem positively to wrench their bodies round with the vigour of their pivoting. I have noticed this particularly in the case of some very fine American golfers. George von Elm is one example, and it would be easy to recall others. No doubt a good deal depends on the relative uprightness or flatness of the swing; the flatter swinger pivots the more and the more noticeably. However, without being too dogmatic I cannot help thinking that the methods of those whose turning movement is not so marked make the safest models. I am afraid I have wandered a little from my correspondent, his head and his theory, and can only hope that he will give some reader an interesting hour in a secret field and perhaps a new and ecstatic sensation.

SOME FAMOUS RACEHORSE TRAINERS

SCOTT, DAWSON AND PORTER

WHEN the ancestors of the present-day Messrs. Weatherby first published their Racing Calendar, dealing in very official form with the races of the year 1776, they contented themselves with giving the names of the horses and their owners and a list of the more important jacket-colours. Forty-six years later the name of the rider of the winning horse was appended; twenty-three years after—in 1845—an attempt was made to indicate the jockey on the back of every runner; but it was not until 1932, when the one hundred and sixtieth volume of their compilation appeared, that any mention was made of the trainer of the winner, and even now, in the current volume, as in its predecessors, there is no word about the breeder. It seems somehow quite wrong that the breeder responsible for the very existence of the animal should be entirely ignored both in the annual official record and the daily papers, and that the trainer saddled with the upbringing of the colt or filly during the most critical period of his or her development has to be content with the mere mention of his name as often as not without his initials, while the owner for whom the winner was bought, in the majority of cases by an agent for a long-forgotten figure, receives his full share of publicity, and the successful jockey of the moment secures a fame that can only be likened to that of film-stars, heavy-weight boxers or test-match cricketers with double centuries to their credit. In the hope—as likely as not a forlorn one—of righting the wrong, the theme of this article will be of three great trainers of the past; a further one will follow on the famous but retired trainers who are still with us, and those of to-day, while, later on, if the racing-world still remains in its present dormant condition, the breeders will receive the consideration that is their due.

Away back in 1794 a boy was born at Chippenham, in Cambridgeshire, who was christened John Scott. He was the son of a racehorse trainer, and so might be said almost to have been born in the saddle; at any rate he took an interest in the thoroughbred from a very early age. This was so marked that, at the age of

fourteen, he was sent by his father, with a mare called Ten Bones all the way from Oxford to Blandford in Dorsetshire, where he rode her to victory in a £50 Plate run for in two four-mile heats. He then sold her, as he had been instructed, for a further £50, and returned home with the £100 safely buttoned in his jacket. That was Scott's beginning. Soon after, he went north to learn his trade as a trainer of horses under James Croft of Middleham, and then, after a few years at Black Hambleton and a brief spell as private trainer to Mr. Houldsworth, he bought the Whitewall stables at Malton in 1825, and between that date and his retirement in 1864 he well earned his nickname of "The Wizard of the North" by turning out forty-two classic winners. These included eight winners of the Two Thousand Guineas; five of the One Thousand; the Derby winners St. Giles, Attila, Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian; the Oaks victresses Cyprian, Industry, Ghuznee, The Princess, Iris, Songstress, Marchioness, and Queen Bertha; and no fewer than sixteen winners of the Doncaster St. Leger in Matilda, The Colonel, Rowton, Margrave, Touchstone, Don John, Charles the Twelfth, Lancelot, Satirist, The Baron, Newminster, West Australian, Warlock, Imperieuse, Gamester and, in 1862, The Marquis. Not less sensational than his career as a trainer was that of his brother William as a jockey. "Glorious Bill," as he was called, had followed him to Malton; as a jockey he rode three Two Thousand Guineas winners, four Derby winners, three Oaks winners and nine St. Leger winners. In those days the "Cambridgeshire Scotts" were names to conjure with not only in their adopted home in Yorkshire but all through the racing community in general.

John Scott died in 1871, and at that time the next great classic trainer, Mathew Dawson, was just reaching the zenith of his fame. Born in 1820, he took out a licence to train horses at the age of twenty, and he had the distinction of training one more Derby winner than Scott—a total of six, which Mr. Fred Darling has just equalled but which is still one less than that credited to John Porter, of Kingsclere and Newbury in connection with the Epsom classic.

COLT CEDAR HOUSES



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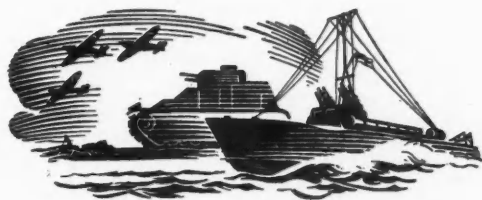
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W. C. COLT

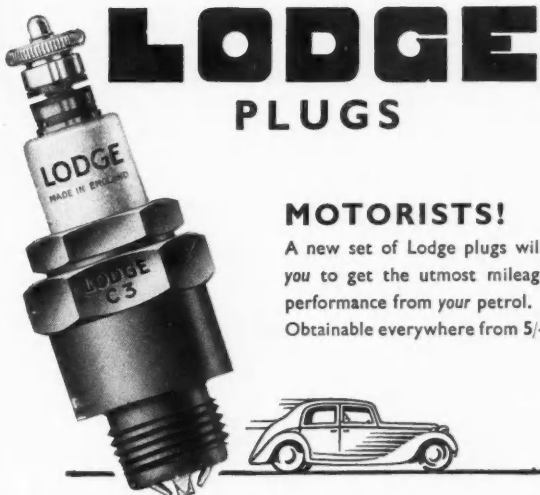
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SOLUTION to No. 546

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of July 13th, will be announced next week.

R	E	M	B	R	A	N	D	T	B	E	P	P	O
I	U	E	O	A	E	E	L						
O	F	F	C	O	L	O	U	R	N	I	T	R	E
J	F	R	D	Q	G	T	A						
A	P	S	I	D	A	L	U	R	A	N	I	A	N
S	U	B	U	R	B	S	N	O	I	S	O	M	E
U	U	A	N	I	S	A	R						
B	U	L	G	A	R	S	B	E	R	A	T	E	S
A	L	C	A	L	E								
L	E	E	W	A	R	D	Z	E	A	L	O	T	S
T	T	D	D	I	D	V	I	T					
E	X	I	L	E	L	I	Q	U	I	D	A	T	E
R	N	M	E	U	E	T	P						
N	A	S	T	Y	S	H	E	E	R	N	E	S	S

ACROSS.

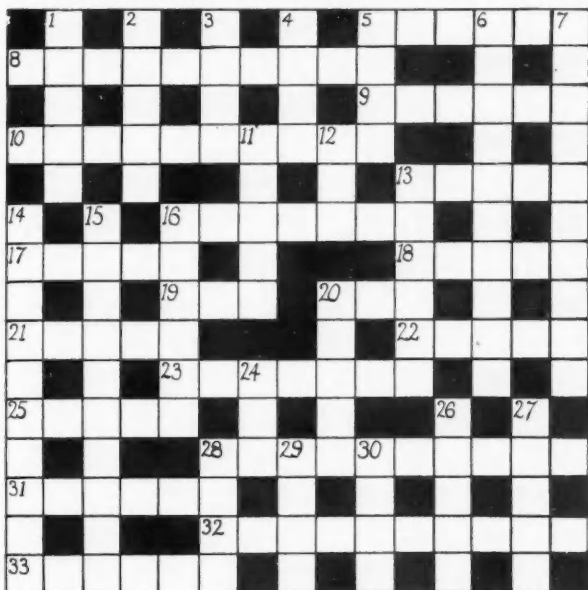
- An important person by the size of his head (6)
- Fruit without i (10)
- "They sat them down to weep, nor only tears at their eyes."
—Milton (6)
- "Belle in fix" (anagr.) (10)
- "In some lone isle, or distant northern land . . .
Where none learn ombre, nor e'er taste —"
Pope (5)
- and 17. The players in "Glamorous Nights," no doubt (three words, 3, 4, 5)
- The offspring is a girl, apparently (5)
- and 20. Nonsense! the net's returned in a bad state (6)
- British people (5)
- and 23. Corot and Cortot, for instance (two words, 5, 7)
- Its first letter is one (5)
- Fallen and dissipated stars (10)
- One that lends colour to the Nazi race myth (6)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 547

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 547, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, July 25th, 1940.**

The winner of Crossword No. 545 is
Mrs. Shirren, 5, Warnham Road, Horsham

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 547



- People get let in by it (10)
 - As ancient Pistol was (6)
- DOWN.
- and 2. " — do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage."
—Lovelace (two words, 5, 5)
 - Wild goat (4)
 - For infant or schoolboy? In one sense it should give the answer (4)
 - A farm building (4)
 - One cathedral city backs another (10)
 - Sponsors (10)
 - "Far back, through creeks and —s making, Comes silent, flooding in, the main."
—A. H. Clough (5)
 - It was his to escape destruction (3)
 - Bears (6)
 - Affording grounds for proceedings against black-shirts? (10)
 - They are cast by the calumnious (10)
 - Wireless may be, but it needs one (6)
 - It could be acquired from a state muddle (5)
 - It sometimes needs another match (3)
 - St. Paul's companion (5)
 - Physician or caricaturist (5)
 - and 29. What Greenwich supplies in the interim? (8)
 - A hot confused ejaculation, perhaps (4)

Name.....

Address

Mathew Dawson in his later years was assisted by Felix Leach, who is happily still with us. By the end of his career, after fifty-five years of training, he had been responsible for the preparation of twenty-six classic winners, and these included four Two Thousand Guineas winners; five winners of the One Thousand; the six Derby heroes Thormanby, Kingcraft, Silvio, Melton, Ladas, and Sir Visto; the five Oaks heroines Catherine Hayes, Spinaway, Jannette, Wheel of Fortune and Mimi; and the half-dozen St. Leger winners Silvio, Jannette, Dutch Oven, The Lambkin, Melton, and Sir Visto. Dawson retired in 1895, but was not long out of harness, for he died in 1898, a great trainer and a highly respected man.

The famous John Porter, the last that there is space to mention

in this article, will always be associated with Kingsclere and with the Newbury racecourse which he founded. Eighteen years the junior of Mathew Dawson, John Porter began training in 1863, and between then and his retirement in 1905, seventeen years before his death, had the handling and preparation of 425 winners of 1,063 races carrying £720,021 in stakes. Actually he holds the record as the trainer of seven Derby winners, which were Blue Gown, Shotover, St. Blaise, Ormonde, Sainfoin, Common, and Flying Fox, while, in addition, he turned out five winners of the Two Thousand Guineas, two of the One Thousand, the Oaks winners Geheimnis, La Flèche and La Roche, and the St. Leger victors Pero Gomez, Ormonde, Common, La Flèche, Throstle, and Flying Fox.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

NEW OWNERS AND NEW METHODS

THE acquisition by insurance companies, collegiate bodies, charities, and other perpetual corporations of farms in all parts of the country marks a further change in the principles of landownership. Among its repercussions one may be confidently predicted, the adoption of mechanical cultivation of the land on a large scale. Of course, in a good many districts the old time-honoured method of individual control of farms will continue without variation, for the very fact that farms, especially dairy farms, are let to old-standing tenants at substantial rentals is one of the prime merits of some holdings from the investors' standpoint. Buyers of such farms would not for a moment think of disturbing tenants of that type. But certain classes of holding are unquestionably not farmed to the best advantage, and, to produce a satisfactory return, new methods will be introduced.

One reason for such a change will be that extensive areas will have to be managed, in the broader sense of the term, by agents who will work at headquarters remote from the farms, and through resident bailiffs. The old-fashioned empirical plan will be out of place in such conditions, and we may expect to find instead of the bailiff whose experience was usually limited to the particular district and often to the one estate, men who have graduated through the agricultural colleges and have business attributes more resembling those of the successful factory manager than the old type of farm bailiff. These inevitable changes will mean more than a change of men; they will involve the alteration of the aspect of the countryside in some counties, inasmuch as the hedgerows will disappear, not a few buildings will be cleared, and, in short, everything will be adapted to large-scale cultivation. The tractor and other machinery will sweep across extensive areas, and the loss of time and energy, and the waste of valuable acres by ill-defined rambling wooded boundaries between fields, will become things of the past.

On the latter point the Home-grown Timber Marketing Association has just issued an appeal to landowners to fell "the large numbers of mature and over-mature oak, elm and ash in the hedgerows." It would provide much excellent timber, and would be a benefit to farmers. The time for such felling is felt to be, in current circumstances, directly after the hay or corn is cut. An organised scheme of felling and preparing the timber for its varied uses, including firewood, is being recommended to the war agricultural committees, which have the ultimate responsibility for providing labour on the land.

4,000 ACRES OF FARMS OFFERED

MR. R. F. W. CARTWRIGHT, whose family has owned the Aynho Park estate on the borders of Northampton, Oxford and Buckingham, for centuries, is retaining the mansion and 500 acres of park, but he has instructed Messrs. George Trollope and Sons to sell twenty large farms, mostly of from 100 to 350 acres, some much larger, and many small holdings. The village of Aynho is noted for the beauty of its limestone cottages, covered with apricots that climb to the thatched eaves. Most of the village, and of the adjoining hamlet of Hinton-in-the-Hedges, is for sale. The prime importance of the property as an investment in agricultural land needs no emphasis. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have prepared for COUNTRY LIFE a detailed description of the principal holdings. The following is a summary of their remarks: Warren Farm of 630 acres has a first-rate residence with entrance drive and lodge, and farm buildings, erected regardless of cost, for a pedigree herd. It



FOXHILL, BROADWAY

has been for many years the home of a herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle. The barley crops on about 350 acres have won the admiration of every visiting farmer, and have fetched high prices. Upper Aynho Grounds Farm, just to the east of the park, has 200 acres of arable and 150 acres of pasture, and the old farmhouse incorporates parts of a monastery that originally stood on the estate.

On the other side of the park is Lower Aynho Grounds Farm, which is probably the best farm on the estate, the land being particularly productive. It comprises about 360 acres, of which nearly 300 are pasture. The farm buildings are up-to-date with every necessary fitting for carrying out dairy farming on the best principles. Nellbridge Farm, in an outlying portion of the estate, is bounded by the Cherwell. There are 259 acres, of which 180 are pasture, and again an excellent farmhouse. Camp Farm is a small mixed farm south of Charlton, on which stands the famous Roman encampment known as Rainsborough Camp, marked by a large circle of beech trees, which can be seen for miles around. Forceleap Farm is the most northerly on the estate and comprises 350 acres, of which 225 are arable, one field being 80 acres. On this farm is a narrow strip of freeboard, a relic of feudal times. In Hinton-in-the-Hedges are six excellent farms, in all 1,200 acres, which have been farmed by the existing tenants and their forebears. On one of the farms is a group of four lime trees, the last resting-place of leaders in the Civil War.

THE SALE OF HURTWOOD

ALIKE in sales and lettings the Brompton Road offices of Messrs. Harrods report considerable activity and satisfactory rents or prices. Mr. F. D. James, the professional chief of Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices, informs us that Hurtwood, Holmbury Hill, was sold by his office as the direct result of a reference to the property in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE. Negotiations ensued at once and have been successfully concluded in the last week or so. Messrs. Wilson and Co. co-operated with Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices in selling Old Comptons at Horsham. Other sales by the latter office include two choice freeholds at Pyrford; a Hampshire property, known as Two Acres, at Awbridge, near Romsey; and Halfways, Kingsclere, near

Newbury. The chief lettings have been of Surrey residential property.

LARGE PROPERTIES SOLD

THE Old Manor House at Minster Lovell, a charming sixteenth-century house well modernised residentially, with 21 acres, commanding a fine view of the valley of the Windrush, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., the joint agents being Messrs. Buckell and Ballard.

Sir William Alexander has purchased Marlston House, near Newbury. He exercises an option granted when, in 1930, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Dreweatt, Watson and Barton, by order of the late Right Hon. G. W. Palmer, negotiated a lease to Sir William of the house and 560 acres. It is a stately modern mansion, in grounds of exceptional beauty and elaborateness.

Over 1,000 acres of Somerset and Dorset farms have been bought by clients of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. in the last fortnight, for just over £40,000. They have, for the executors, sold Ridgehurst Lodge, a large modern house and many acres at Shenley, between Radlett and Elstree.

A COTSWOLD HOUSE

ON Willersey Hill, 600ft. above sea level, is the beautiful stone house built in the year 1909 and known as Foxhill. It is a couple of miles from Broadway and three from Campden. From all parts of the appurtenant 42 acres there are magnificent views of the Shropshire, Welsh and Malvern heights. Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor are instructed to dispose of the freehold. It is of interest, perhaps, to state that the rateable value of this fine Cotswold home is under £150 a year, the present rates being just over 11s. in the pound. Foxhill is handy for meets of the North Cotswold pack, and for golf at Broadway and other well known courses. The gardens and grounds are simply planned and involve a minimum upkeep. At the same time, lying as they do upon the hillside, they lend themselves to extension by a really keen gardener. There are a delightful terrace with stone walls, steps and flagged paths, herbaceous borders bounded by clipped yew hedges, lawns, flower beds, and a wild garden, a hard tennis court, and a well stocked kitchen garden.

The late Mr. William Miller Christy's estate of 1,600 acres, a few miles from Chichester, was lately sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Wood and Walford, to a client of Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons. Messrs. Hampton and Sons now announce that they have bought the estate on behalf of a client. It is one of the best sporting properties in the southern counties. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley had the melancholy task of intimating to the public that what was to have been an auction, lasting nearly a week, of the furniture, would be compressed into a single day, and that it would be, not in the mansion for that had been burned down, but in a barn close by.

Among sales announced by Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son are 7 acres of pasture with an old house and buildings, at Overmoigne, eight miles from Dorchester, for £700; and Radipole Mill-house, mill, and walled garden, with trout fishing at Radipole, for £1,150. With Messrs. F. H. Sutherland and Co., they have sold a Herefordshire farm of 72 acres for £4,000.

Kampsons, a stone house dating from 1600, with 90 acres, at Whitchurch, near Aylesbury, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Bush Farm, an Essex freehold of 144 acres, at Thaxted, has been sold as an investment, and the tenant will remain. Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners acted for the vendor. ARBITER.

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Dover Street Studios

THE contrast of black and white is, of course, the most extreme on the palette, and for some reason there is hardly a woman who does not look well in it; even those whom black alone makes quite uninteresting can wear it with distinction if there is enough white used with discrimination. A very good magpie scheme that would suit almost any woman is illustrated here. Both coat and dress are in very heavy silk, and when I went to Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.1) to see them I was impressed with the quality of the materials used, the excellent design, and the beauty of the relief worked on both coat and dress in self material. I do not think that I have seen anything more really distinguished or more beautifully carried out and yet elegantly unobtrusive since I have been interested in fashion. A white silk dress of this

heavy quality is a most covetable possession, striking an absolutely individual note on even a big occasion, and the coat is one that would do ideal service over many dresses.

A few lucky people were invited last week to see, at Bush House, Kingsway, the materials for spring 1941, which the Wool Secretariat are sending out to New York's World's Fair to re-dress the Wool Exhibit in the British Pavilion. Really it was difficult to believe that some of the lovely delicate printed woollens were made of wool at all, and that was true too of a lovely green and brown shot material. The tweeds were excellent—indeed, patterns, colours, materials, all were good beyond anything one could have hoped for. The Wool Pavilion is certainly going to keep Britain's end up at the World's Fair.

THE DAY'S DIFFICULTIES

THE problem of how to keep the floors of our homes, offices, schools, and hospitals and so forth as clean and well polished as ever with less money to spend and less labour to employ is one that is facing all sorts of people and one that has at least one very good answer in the Simmonds' Floor Gloss, made by Simmonds' Products, Limited, Great West Road, London. This eliminates wet scrubbing and hand polishing, produces a glossy but not slippery surface, has splendid wearing qualities, is completely waterproof, so that damp mopping with clean water does not affect it, and lays a clear film on the surface which does not hide the colour or markings beneath. The application of Simmonds' Floor Gloss is very simple, for it is a liquid and is merely poured on to the floor and spread into a thin even coat by means of a soft cloth or the special Simmonds' applicator and then allowed to dry. The glossy surface which results is a very hard wearing and needs only an occasional dry cleaning with a brush or mop. People who dislike to think of mats slipping, which can cause a very serious accident particularly in the case of the old or invalids, will be interested to know that Simmonds' Floor Gloss will actually "slow up" any slippery floor to which it is applied and the surface becomes safer, even when wet, the more the Gloss is used. The same firm produces a Floor Cleaner, used to remove dirt and old wax before the application of their Gloss; Floor Seal, used to preserve and waterproof porous surfaces; Double Gloss, for places where there is very heavy traffic; Furniture Dressing, Window Sheen, and special material for the special treatment of tile, stone, cement, and terrazzo floors.

GETTING RID OF RATS AND RABBITS

There has probably never been a time when it was more important to get rid of the rats and rabbits which between them eat and destroy vast quantities of food both as it grows and when it is stored. The Ministry of Agriculture's campaign for their elimination stresses the importance of the matter, and most farmers, stock raisers and others whom it may particularly concern are fully awake to the situation. It is unfortunate that there should be a general impression among them that Cyanogas—which, by a very simple and quick method, destroys all burrowing rodents—is no longer to be obtained. As a matter of fact, Messrs. George Munro, Limited (Covent Garden Market, W.C.2, and Hertford Road, Waltham Cross, Herts), have recently been granted additional import licences, notwithstanding the fact that Cyanogas material comes from America. This is, of course, an expression of the importance that the Ministry attaches to the use of Cyanogas in the extermination of the rat and rabbit pests. Further shipments of material are shortly expected, and those interested will be well advised to place their orders as soon as possible.

SICK ANIMALS IN WAR-TIME

Visitors to the International Horse Show at Olympia, Cruft's Dog Show and other important horse and dog shows are accustomed to seeing a People's Dispensary for Sick Animals' Caravan Dispensary in a prominent position, sometimes accompanied by Duke, the P.D.S.A. tiny mascot pony. Now there are neither horse nor dog shows, so the P.D.S.A. does not meet its usual friends, and is suffering badly from the loss of their kind donations. It is important not to let the P.D.S.A. be out of mind because it is out of sight. It is working harder than ever, struggling to keep its dispensaries open, establishing N.A.R.P.A.C. first-aid posts and mobile units for animals in case of raids. Unless more money comes in at once, however, this work will be curtailed and even stopped. The P.D.S.A. does excellent work, particularly among the animals of the poor which are invaluable to their owners who often cannot afford veterinary attention. Donations, which should be sent to The Area Organiser, N.W. Area Office, 2, West Heath Avenue, N.W.11.

OUR DEBT TO SAILORS

What we owe our sailors is not a thing that can easily be computed, and certainly it can never be repaid. It is, however, at least our duty to see that men torpedoed, bombed, mined, machine-gunned, are, when they are landed, generously helped, fed, clothed, relieved, their injuries cared for and—in the tragic cases where no man returns—widows and dependents helped. We cannot convey our help ourselves, but an organisation most useful in representing us in this way is the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, Carlton House, Regent Street, S.W.1. Any repayments of our debt to sailors should be sent to Admiral Sir Michael Hodges at that address.

THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL

The Royal Eye Hospital, St. George's Circus, S.E.1, is making an urgent appeal for funds with which to build the new hospital, for which a site is provided. This should cost about £200,000, and, is an urgent necessity. In the old hospital, in most cramped and difficult accommodation, 33,000 patients are dealt with, paying some 800,000 visits every year. About fifty-five children are treated daily, but the hospital is so crowded that they have to share the same ward as the most elderly patient, and the consultation room is so small that the consultant must break off his examination if the door opens. This is a sorry state of things, and the fact that about twenty industrial accidents to eyes are dealt with every day points the moral in war-time.

FOR YOUNG GIRLS AND CHILDREN

In the rush and anxiety of our days it is to be feared that the work and needs of that very useful body the National Vigilance Association and Travellers' Aid Society may be overlooked. It is the trained and experienced workers of this Society who are on duty at the railway and coach termini protecting and guiding young girls, the blind, or children travelling alone, and there is no Government service doing exactly this work—indeed, nothing quite like it anywhere in the world. The Station-master at Paddington has asked that the Society's representatives shall not be withdrawn because of the war, and gives testimony as to the help that they afford; but lack of funds is threatening this very humane and human service. Such incidents as helping across London in the black-out bewildered wives sent for to the bedsides of wounded men of the Forces, are among the incidents of the workers' days. Donations may be sent to the Right Hon. Lord Tyrrell of Avon, 12, Old Pye Street, S.W.1.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

SOME RECENT FICTION

(Reviews continued from page 52.)

AS a journalist, Mr. Howard Spring has witnessed, as a man he is in sympathy with, all the forward movements of our time. The two things have given him the rich wisdom to see that every reform and panacea fails, and must fail, until accompanied by spiritual progress in individuals. This long novel, *FAME IS THE SPUR* (Collins, 9s. 6d.), is a history both of a group of men and women, and of England during the last fifty years; from beginning to end it is absorbing. It goes back in one old man's memory to Peterloo, forward to that uneasy shadowland between the last war and the present one. In it are such matters as the birth of the Labour Party, the militant campaign for women's suffrage (sympathetically understood, chivalrously defended), unemployment, coal strikes, jerry-building, and Ramsay MacDonald's betrayal. The chief character is a man reminding us of at least two prominent political figures of this century. Born in a Manchester back street, his vitality and romantic verbosity sweep him upwards to Cabinet rank and a title. We watch him gain the world; we see him lose his soul by contagion of the world's slow stain. The book is a great advance, in its breadth and depth, on "My Son, My Son." It is based on the author's underlying philosophy: "Three things were immortal: good and evil and the hope in men's hearts that evil would be overcome by good."

GROWTH OF A TOWN

Thomas Alden, Mayor of Whitcliff, built the bridge between the town and the Haven in 1878, and began the change that is growth, the change that was to condition the future history of the Yorkshire fishing port, and finally unite the antagonistic elements of the fisher-folk and townfolk. Oswald Harland's book, *TOWN AND HAVEN* (Jonathan Cape, 8s. 6d.), takes up the tale at this point and carries it to the end of the century, to the great pageant which put the seal on twenty-five years' struggle and opened a new era for the town. Thomas Alden's grandsons, Anthony and Jacob, dominate the scene, far-seeing but not visionary, hard, shrewd, wily, and ruthless; each goes his own way to the same end, the prosperity of Whitcliff, the glittering, meretricious prosperity of a seaside resort. After their own way they work well, and on a well filled background surges the outside story of local politics, the jealousies, manœuvres, vested interests, the often articulate expressions of popular opinion, and the fluid interplay of character. This is a fine novel of absorbing interest.

A GOOD ROMANCE

No novelist writing to-day has a better turn for pure romance than has Mr. Maurice Walsh, and in his new book *THE HILL IS MINE* (Chambers, 8s.) he gives it us again, as sparkling, fresh and eternal as the heathery hills and burn-scored glens in which his story is set. Carping critics might complain that here once more is a hero, small and dark, able to knock the stuffing out of a man who ought to have achieved the same results on him with one hand tied, whose remarks are apt to be too allusive, and that the scene in which we find him is very much like one that we have

visited with Mr. Walsh before. But no one who fell under the author's spell in "The Key Above the Door" will do anything but rejoice to find themselves given another generous length from the same bolt of hand-woven material from which his earlier books were fashioned. Stephen Wayne comes from Montana to see the little croft in Banffshire which he has inherited from a grandmother. He is a detached, young man, a sportsman through and through, and very soon he is well involved in the affairs of many people and particularly in those of Marian Finlay, only child of the MacFinlay, who, old and mad, is living out his days in poverty, with his castle and lands sold to rich Americans. Stalking, nefariously netting salmon, backing up his friends, fighting their enemies, losing his heart and not being quite sure where it has gone, Stephen is a gallant figure for all his lack of inches, a modern, young man in whom the instincts of his Highland ancestors and the common sense of his American upbringing combine with the best results. Altogether this is a delightful book, a simple story perhaps but one that will bring a quicker beat to the reader's heart and a freshness to his spirits as surely as it brings, in imagination, the smell of heather to his nose.

LONELY ISLAND

Solitude is a test of character and habit. Either you can overcome the dangers of loneliness by sheer inward strength, or you can be brought up to it as were the Ainsworths of *DILDO CAY* (Peter Davies, 8s. 6d.). Nelson Hayes has drawn a vivid and sometimes beautiful picture of that speck in the West Indian seas where eleven generations of white men, father to son, made a business of producing salt and maintaining the two hundred blacks who also lived on the island. Strong themselves, the Ainsworths all erred in their choice of mates, looking for endurance and fertility before love, not realising that the latter alone could give the inward strength to endure the loneliness. From this arise the problems of Adrian, last of his line, and springs, his meeting with Carol Eldridge, a curious bitter-sweet affair where ending is morally and psychologically right. This is a moving tale of more than usual strength and depth.

ALL BY ALIBI

A missing ornithologist turns up dead in the house of a friend in a box that should have contained statuary. Not having to rely on ornithology for a living, he had a considerable fortune to leave behind, with at least four people closely interested in its distribution. And all had cast-iron alibis, one at least of which had to be broken. Such is the case of *MR. WESTERBY MISSING*, by Miles Burton (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.). And there were some pretty puzzles of time and space for Inspector Arnold and his imaginative friend Merriam to solve before they got their man, particularly that of how Mr. Westerby's body got into a screwed-down box in a locked lorry, and when. I need hardly say that they are all neatly—and fairly—solved, no relevant fact being withheld from the reader. Mr. Burton is no literary stylist, concentrating on the crime and nothing but the crime, and the reader jolly well has to concentrate too.

Animal Behaviour

Impulse, Intelligence, Instinct

DR. JOHANN A. LOESER

Dr. J. A. Loeser, formerly of the University of Berlin, made a long series of observations on animal behaviour, and from these, together with the observations of others, developed certain concepts, most of which proved revolutionary. Thus the book is a wide and interesting survey of conduct in the animal kingdom. It should appeal to all animal lovers and students of natural history and country life. 10s. 6d.

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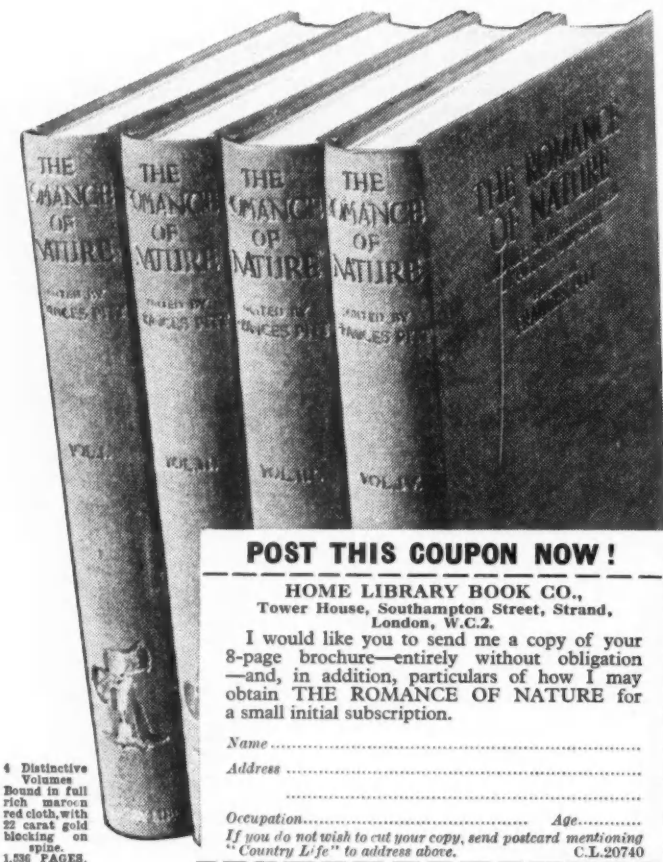
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